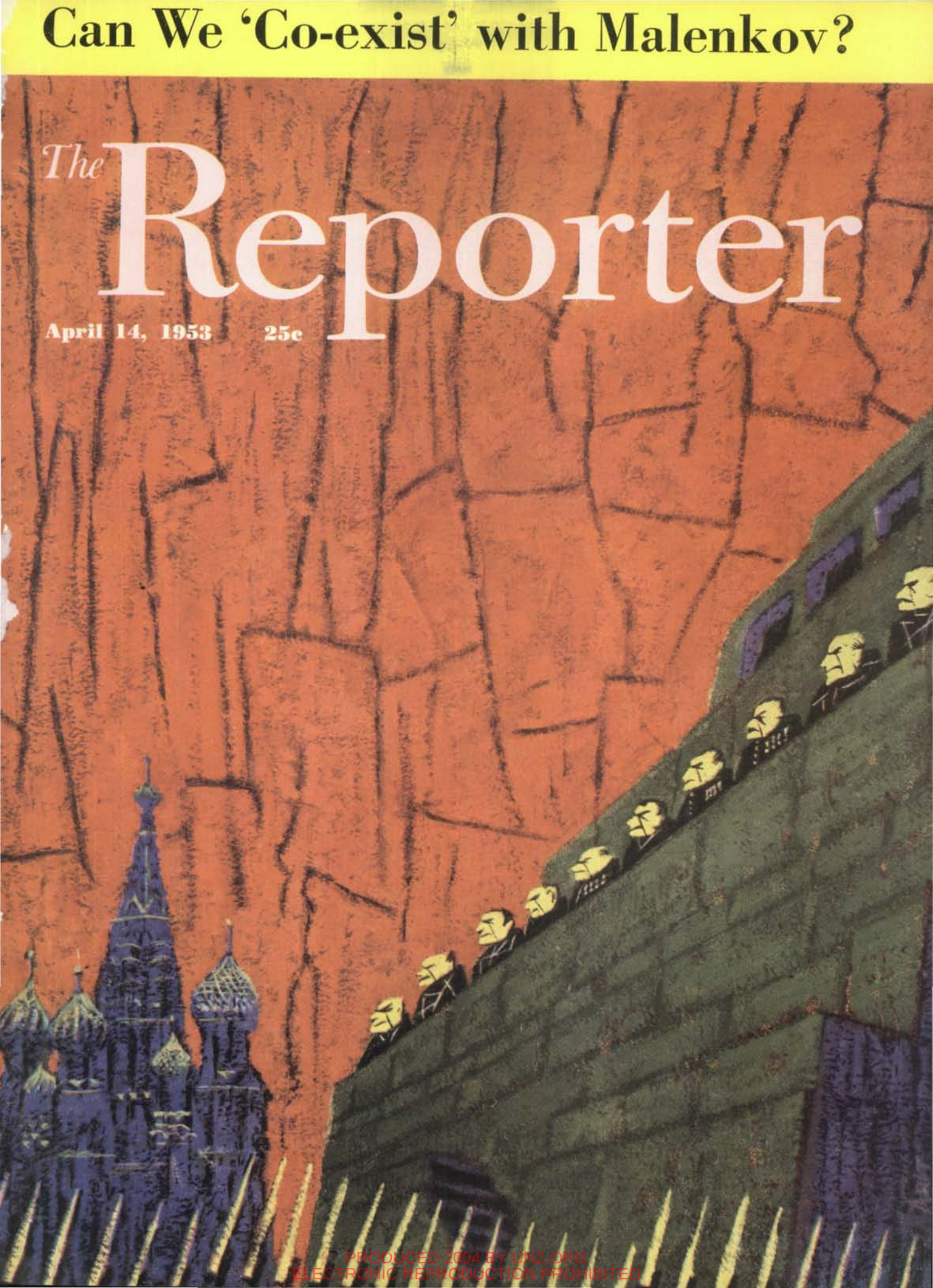
Can We 'Co-exist' with Malenkov?

The Reporter

April 14, 1953 25c



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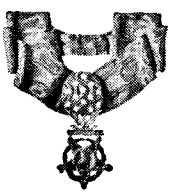
M/Sgt. Hubert L. Lee, USA Medal of Honor



FOUR TIMES Sergeant Lee's platoon had taken, then lost, the hill near Ip-o-ri. On the fifth try, the sergeant, though hurt, was leading. A Red grenade hit him, seriously wounding both legs. Refusing assistance, he advanced by crawling, rising to his knees to fire. He caught a rifle bullet in the back. Still he wouldn't be stopped. Finally, with 12 survivors of his platoon, he took the hill, then let the stretcher-bearers carry him away. Today Sergeant Hubert Lee says:

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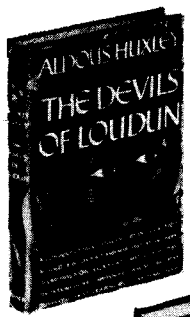

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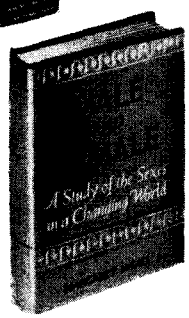

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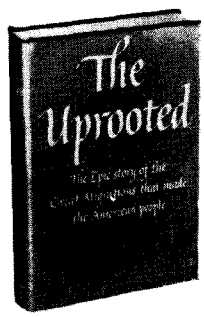

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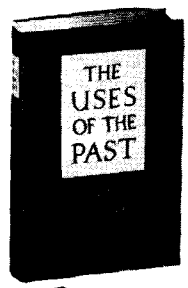

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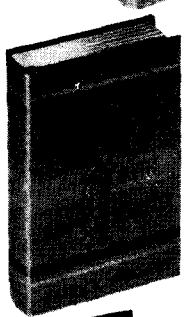

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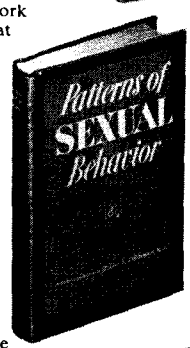

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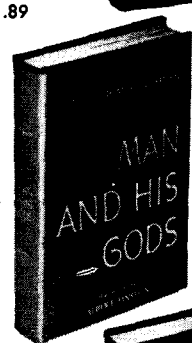

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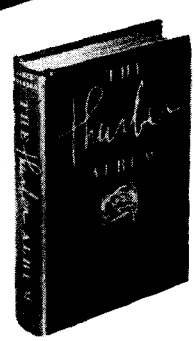

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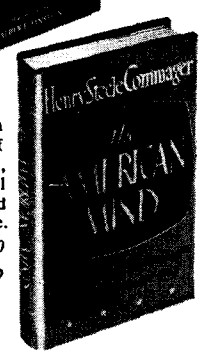

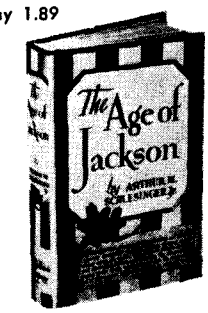

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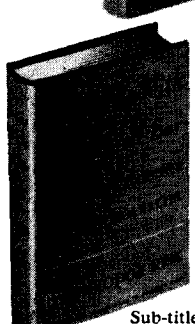

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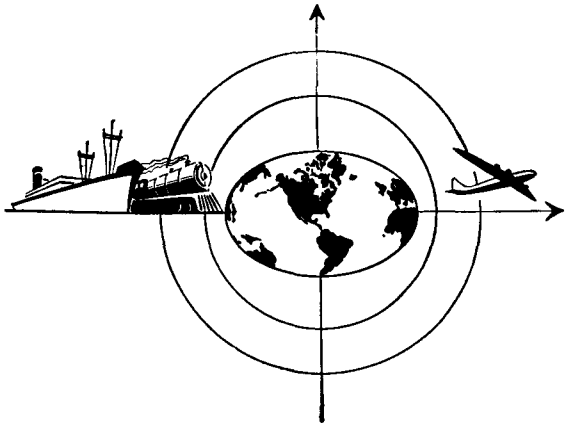

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Inquisitor from Illinois

A short while ago one of our correspondents came across Congressman Harold Velde, who for some reason continues to serve as Chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee. It was the afternoon that Congressman Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., introduced a resolution calling for Velde's removal because of his attack on Agnes Meyer and his threatened investigation of religion.

Our reporter wanted to know whether he had changed his mind about the need for investigating religion. Not at all, said Velde. It was just that the committee had only ten investigators on its staff. "They're so busy now that they haven't got time to take on any new jobs."

After the President had disapproved the idea of investigating Communism in the churches, Velde again said the religious probe was "delayed" because the committee was too preoccupied with other investigations. The Republicans may be embarrassed by this issue, but not Mr. Velde.

One ranking Congressman, a member of the Un-American Activities Committee, cursed long and earnestly when the name of Velde was mentioned. "For three years now we have been building up the reputation of our committee by solid work," he said. "Now that guy has torn it down in a matter of days. He is drunk with power."

HAROLD HIMMEL VELDE was born forty-three years ago on a small farm in Tazewell County, Illinois. He got a B.A. from Northwestern University and became an athletic coach and teacher in a small high school in Hillsdale, Illinois. Then he decided to study law at the University of Illinois, and in 1937 started practicing in Pekin, where he remained until the war. In 1942 he enlisted in the Army as a private, but emerged the next year with an honorable discharge—to become a special agent of the FBI in the Sabotage and Counter-Espionage Division.

No one knows what special qualifications earned him this transfer, but it was a stroke of fortune which has not ceased to pay off. Less than three years after the fighting ended—two years after he took leave of the FBI—Harold Velde was elected to Congress.

Things continued to go well for Velde. He started off as low man on the minority side of the Un-American Activities Committee. But the turnover among the Republican members was pretty fast. In two years' time, one (J. Parnell Thomas) had gone to prison and two (Richard M. Nixon and Francis Case) to the Senate. In four years, Velde was at the top.

Some Coming Elections

The makers of our political rules thought November was the best time to vote, but a good many other countries are poll-conscious in other months of the year. Elections coming up on three continents this spring and summer affect us—because major happenings everywhere have a way of becoming American problems.

The general election in West Germany has to be held some time before September 9, and on its outcome hangs an uncomfortably large part of American foreign policy. The main issue is European unity. Chancellor Adenauer, whose Government coalition holds the narrow margin of 208 seats out of 402 in the Bundestag (lower house), has been waiting till the last possible moment to call the election, hoping that the French will ratify the European Defense Community treaty and the contractual agreements with Germany before Germans have to vote. Delay and uncertainty in Paris have given Adenauer's Social Democratic opponents a field day: If Frenchmen can be sticky, why can't Germans be difficult too? Whether Adenauer wins

DEAN DULLES

You can shave off your mustaches and your eyebrows can be thinner,
But you're bound to be considered just as infamous a sinner
As the previous incumbent if you dare to rouse the ire
Of some elements in Congress till they up and call you "liar!",
For they now believe the "change" they made is not a change at all
But a case of mixed identity and total (shame!) recall
Of that catastrophic era when another man stood fast
Against the rolling thunder of the same Know-Nothing blast.—SEC

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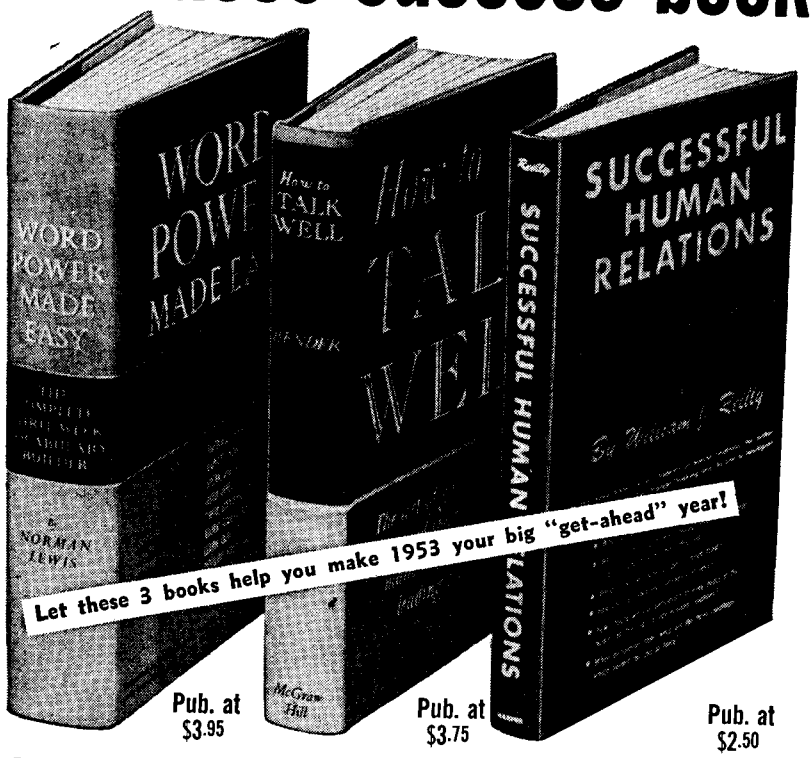
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may be settled by the French Assembly; if Adenauer loses, our foreign policy in Europe will have to back up and start all over again.

Italy elects a new Chamber of Deputies this spring, probably early in June. Christian Democrat Alcide De Gasperi has made a deal with three small parties of the Center. These have agreed to bury their anti-clerical hatchet for the larger good of helping the Catholics keep neo-Fascists and Communists out of the Government. The four parties—one horse and three rabbits—hope to get a law passed saying that if the coalition gets more than half the total vote, it will get 380 out of the 590 seats in the new Chamber. This device will probably succeed. If it doesn't, the Catholics might be forced to team up with elements of the right wing—a dismal pattern that would set a bad example for Catholic parties elsewhere in Europe.

THE Union of South Africa holds its parliamentary elections on April 15. The main issue is, of course, *apartheid,* or complete segregation of races maintained by police power. How white minorities and black majorities are going to live together is the dominant issue all through Africa south of the Sahara; so a victory for *apartheid* in the Union would produce a native reaction that would travel across borders like a contagious disease. And the opposition to Prime Minister Malan's National Party is not very strong.

In Asia, Japan plans to hold a special election April 19 because Premier Yoshida drew a vote of no confidence on March 14 and dissolved the House. Yoshida's Liberals have held 245 of the 466 seats in the lower house. Defections probably will mean that no party can get a majority, so a coalition is in prospect.

The Philippines, whose constitution is modeled on ours, don't vote until November, but the issues and men will be decided this spring, especially at the Convention of the Nacionalista Party, coming up on April 12. In spite of the recent "American hands-off" warning by our Ambassador, Admiral Spruance, American fingers have been stirring busily in these waters for years and

BALLAD OF GALLANT LADIES

(Formerly of Mexico and Egypt)

It's fun to be an Ambassadress
And it's fun to be a Queen—
But when a man is down
And loses his crown,
It's best to leave the scene,
It's best to leave the scene.

Clear out, clear out the minute
he's down;
Sans portfolio, senza crown
A man is a husk, a man is a clown,
The same as anyone else in town,
Not worth a single tear,
Not worth a single tear.—SEC

are not likely to stop now. The hope of some Americans has been Ramón Magsaysay, whose build-up as champion of land reform and efficient anti-Communism has been a triumph of public relations. But this attractive, vigorous, and pro-American personality, having just resigned as President Elpidio Quirino's Minister of Defense, is now being folded into the bosom of the anti-American Nacionalistas, led by José Laurel, puppet President under the Japanese. The Nacionalistas may nominate Magsaysay to oppose Quirino as President. So the Americans in Manila, who cannot help being involved in both the election and its result, may find their Filipino friends choosing between a tested pro-American party that is no longer effective enough to succeed and tested effectiveness coupled with known anti-Americanism.

Who's Running What?

When the foreign-aid program comes up for hearings, probably in May, there will be the usual discussion of the need for tight "conditions" on our aid, to force other people to run their countries better—or at least more to our liking. "Why don't the French collect more taxes?" Mr. Stassen will be asked. Or perhaps he will be told: "Just order the Italians to take their heavy industry out of the government's hands and give it back to private enterprise, where it belongs!"

But this year, Mr. Stassen has an advantage over his predecessors in the foreign-aid business: At least one sizable group of U. S. citizens—the people of the City of New York—will understand how these questions sound to our friends in Europe.

JUST BEFORE the New York State legislature ended its session on March 21, the state told the city to cut expenses, levy more taxes, and put the city transit system under an independent transit authority instead of running it as a municipal enterprise. At the last moment, Governor Dewey and the upstate-controlled legislature decided to attach "conditions" to state aid. Unless a transit authority is set up, said Albany, the city will not be allowed to raise new money through the new city taxes the legislature has just approved.

The anguish of New York City's Board of Estimate was loud—and it had a strangely familiar ring. "This is an attempt to take over the rights and responsibilities of the elected officials. . . . it shows a total disregard of the welfare of the great majority of our citizens. . . . The city is sick and tired of the constant advice from Albany on how much better the city can be managed and its budgets reduced. The city's management program far exceeds anything the state has done or is doing." The Mayor, searching for a striking metaphor, found a mixed one: The Dewey program was a "straitjacket forced down the throats of the people."

For New York City, read France. For Albany, read Washington. Translate into French, and our economic diplomats in Paris would think they were rereading last autumn's outburst by Premier Antoine Pinay.

Bridges over the Yalu

We were struck by the tone of humility that crept into Senator Styles Bridges's voice on March 11 when he told an audience in Philadelphia that our pilots should speed up the war in Korea by engaging in hot pursuit of enemy planes into Manchurian territory. Would this increase the risk of a third World War? "I will come and publicly apologize to you all," promised Senator Bridges, "if some little incident in Manchuria results in bringing us into a full-scale war."

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CORRESPONDENCE

A BAD SLOGAN

To the Editor: I am very glad to notice that *The Reporter* does not fail to appreciate how ugly the words "Let Asians Fight Asians" sound to all people in Asia, Communists or non-Communists. The Communists will only use it as a very handy propaganda tool against the United States, while the non-Communists are distressed over such an apparent lack of understanding and ignorance of the present Asian situation at the high levels of the present Administration in Washington.

Such a slogan is not only silly; it will create automatic distrust and resentment against America itself, even among many Asians who appreciate the Communist danger and threat. Not a single self-respecting Asian would be willing to accept that slogan "Let Asians Fight Asians."

MOCHTAR LUBIS
Editor-in-Chief
The *Times of Indonesia*
Djakarta, Indonesia

SHARING SECRETS

To the Editor: Ralph E. Lapp's article, "Should We Share Atomic Secrets with Britain?" (*The Reporter*, March 3) was extremely interesting. I believe that advocates of this co-ordination and integration of atomic data should vigorously attack the Atomic Energy Act and bring about the proper amendments to foster our relationship with Great Britain in this field. However, preventive action should definitely be taken to eliminate the possibility of another Fuchs case, which ultimately would result in further isolation. I definitely agree with Mr. Lapp that we are now at the point where we should again consider full-scale, hand-in-glove co-operation in atomic energy.

MARVIN FREMERMAN
Columbia, Missouri

FACTS OF LIFE

To the Editor: In your issue of December 23, 1952, I remember seeing a comment on advertising in *The Reporter:*

"When a publication shows such vitality, it is no longer the concern of the people who work on it. Our readers, we suppose, know the facts of publishing life; they know that advertising brings revenue to publications according to the range of their readership and capacity for growth. This fact imposes some rather heavy rules on the publishing game—rules that we accepted when we went into this business."

This did not bother me too much then because I thought that it meant that the magazine might take on a occasional ad. Now I am beginning to worry. While I am willing to admit that prices are still rising, I do not think that they are rising so fast that *The Reporter* is forced to take on the volume of advertising that appeared in the last few issues. If the number of readers has increased as much as has been reported, I feel that this would lessen the need for advertising rather than increase it.

I, for one, would rather see the magazine without advertisements and pay a higher rate. It seems a shame to cut down on material and perhaps change policy because of an advertisement. I feel that one of the reasons that *The Reporter* is so popular is the lack of advertising. I can't stand seeing the Correspondence page cut to two columns to make room for an ad.

Furthermore, I am curious to know what is implied by the reference to "heavy rules on the publishing game." Does this mean that the advertisers will have some say over policy?

WILLIAM BUCKLEY
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

[*Most emphatically not. What it does mean is that for a publication to be successful it must receive a large part of its revenue from advertising. Experience has shown that readers cannot pay the entire cost of the product they receive, and so we are pleased that increased circulation and prestige have attracted some of the new advertisers we need. The advertisers neither sponsor nor influence the magazine's policies. They simply join us in a common effort to reach as many people as possible through the pages of* The Reporter.

We do regret that the Correspondence page has been invaded, however, and we plan to make amends by giving letters even more than a page in the next issue.]

POUNDS AND DOLLARS

To the Editor: I found Harlan Cleveland's editorial "As Pound and Dollar Meet" (*The Reporter*, March 17) very stimulating. In its general tone of approach it reinforced the recent Report on the United Kingdom by the Committee for Economic Development. I think it is interesting and useful that we should all be reaching a clearer understanding of the fact that balance-of-payment situations, which in their turn are the expression of economic relationships, are the outcome of historical forces, and that it is less easy to apply dogmatic remedies than was thought immediately after the last war.

I ought perhaps to comment on one point of fact. It is not strictly accurate to say that "people who trade in pounds sterling cannot get dollars without asking London for permission." This does, of course, apply to residents of the United Kingdom, who have to obtain either import licences or the permission of the Exchange Control authorities. It does not apply to residents in other countries which are members of the Sterling Area; they have to satisfy the corresponding authorities in their own countries, but the provision of dollars by the Exchange Equalisation Account in London to the central bank in question is automatic. The same is true of residents of the United States, Canada and American Account countries, in so far as such authorities exist in these countries. People who live elsewhere and trade in sterling cannot, of course, legally exchange it into dollars.

J. MARK
Economic Counsellor
British Embassy
Washington

To the Editor: I am impressed with how much Mr. Cleveland has managed to get onto two pages, and any argument which I might have with his statement would be more one of emphasis than of general content. I do hope that, using this as a starting point, *The Reporter* will develop the various notions in considerably more detail. Unless we find ways and means for strengthening the economic situation in the free world, I fear that many of our other objectives will be exceedingly difficult to achieve.

WILLARD L. THORP
Amherst, Massachusetts

CAST A COLD EYE

To the Editor: How right you were in describing Mary McCarthy's talent for fiction! Her so-called review of Edgar Johnson's *Charles Dickens* (*The Reporter*, March 3) is the greatest piece of effrontery and hogwash I've come across in many a day.

Do you think it is fair to allow a reviewer more than three pages to pass on the merits of a two-volume study of Dickens by rehashing the *New Yorker's* review, mentioning Johnson's name once or twice, and then launching into some obscure mumbo-jumbo of her own that pretended to be a commentary on what Johnson had written? Let's try and keep Quilp's saucepan out of a reviewer's reach.

HARRY LEVIN
New York

To the Editor: Although I am in no way qualified to get into the titanic struggle between Mary McCarthy and Anthony West (*The Reporter*, March 3 and 31) on the topic of Dickens's role in nineteenth-century British social reform, I must register slight amazement at Mr. West's inability to grasp the obvious fact that Miss McCarthy's equation of Dickens with Christopher Marlowe was entirely her own idea, and not Dickens's, as Mr. West was at such pedantic pains to refute. Also, Mr. West's labored attempt to prove that Dickens was friendly, but not *very* friendly, with the literary great of his time smacks of such tired controversies as that about how much classical learning Shakespeare had, which take literary criticism deeper into the dusty corridors of libraries and further from its purpose of ascertaining what is relevant for our time.

WELDON O'BRIEN
Chicago

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

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IN THE FLOOD of articles after Stalin's death, it was easy to spot those which were inspired by **Isaac Deutscher's** definitive *Stalin: A Political Biography* and those whose inspiration was drawn out of thin air. No absence of quotation marks could conceal the evidence that Deutscher's classic study is deservedly the most widely read book on the subject. We are proud to be the only magazine in the United States to offer Deutscher's analysis of the passing of the Stalin era. According to Deutscher, Stalin's overriding aim was to establish "socialism in one country." Was it Stalin who guided Communist expansion far beyond the boundaries of the former Tsarist empire, or was he carried along on a wave he could not resist? Will Malenkov show the same reluctance to plunge into adventures? These are the problems Deutscher attacks in this issue. He is, of course, too good a scholar to claim infallibility, but no one is better entitled to his own opinions and assumptions.

ONLY A FEW years have gone by since Hitler, and yet the European group he hated more than any other is once again set apart and persecuted. Anti-Semitism constitutes one of the uglier aspects of Communist life in Russia and in the satellite countries. Much has been written on the subject, but the unfortunate human beings directly concerned are rarely given the opportunity to speak for themselves. **Claire Sterling**, our staff writer regularly stationed in Rome, traveled recently to Munich and Berlin, where she neither theorized nor collected press releases but talked directly with refugees. We publish her report.

EVEN BEFORE the Presidential elections, American farmers were troubled by a decline in the prices they received for their products. How is the Administration, particularly the Secretary of Agriculture, meeting the situation? Since Ezra Taft Benson took office, he has expressed ideas that seemed heretical to farm interests accustomed to a policy of subsidies. How are those ideas standing up against economic and political pressure? It would be difficult to find a writer better qualified to explain the situation than **J. K. Galbraith,** outstanding economist and specialist in agricultural questions, who fortunately is also a brilliant and original writer. Professor Galbraith's latest book is *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power.*

OUR ROVING national correspondent, **William S. Fairfield,** offers in this issue an amusing report on the difficulties that beset a city in New Mexico when it changed its name to suit the whim of a radio giveaway program.

Peter Linden met Chocoletto, the twelve-year-old Korean boy who became an honorary sergeant in the United States Marines, while he himself was serving in Korea as a rifle platoon leader with the First Marine Division.

Meyer Levin is the author of several novels, including the semi-autobiographical *In Search.*

IN THIS ISSUE **Marya Mannes** starts a series of imaginary portraits. They will alternate with "Channels," her regular television commentaries. Needless to say, "Any Resemblance" of the varied characters in her column to living people is purely coincidental. From the French classical age to the Mencken era, the portrait gallery has furnished amusement, instruction, and a window open to the fresh air of satire. It is time, we feel, that this pleasant device was used again.

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S heavy tome on the plight of Woman has been appraised in a great number of solemn reviews. It has been treated with the deference one accords a monument. Somehow our feeling about the book was a different one; and so we entrusted the job of describing it to a writer who has never been known as oversubmissive to pretentious fads. **Dwight Macdonald** is already familiar to our readers and is a regular contributor to the *New Yorker.*

When Macdonald was editor of the *Yale Record,* **Robert Osborn** was the paper's art editor. After some years—not so many—Osborn now rejoins his colleague by providing Macdonald's remarks with highly appropriate illustrations. Osborn's latest book of cartoons, *Low & Inside* (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3.75), was published on March 27.

OUR COVER of Moscow's Red Square was painted by **Paul Arlt,** now a supplemental editorial cartoonist for the New York *Herald Tribune.* "It occurs to me," Arlt told us, "that no one else in the free world but cartoonists will regret the departure of Stalin. They had plenty of time to find out how to do him; Malenkov may not be around long enough." Arlt was a combat artist in the U.S. Marine Corps, covering action in the Pacific. He has done editorial drawings for *Harper's* and *Fortune,* meanwhile continuing an intermittent painting career.

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Can We 'Co-exist' with Malenkov?

THE Communist sphinx now has puffy cheeks and a cherubic mien. It will take time before we know what is behind the Kremlin's talk of peace, but already our own reaction to Stalin's death and Malenkov's succession points out a fact that must be registered without delay. The free world and Soviet Russia are locked in such a tight hold that what happened in Moscow stirred up fear and hope in the free countries, as if the will of new and sinister men, and not our own will, held the key to our destiny. Can we benefit from this shock and plan a long-range course of action that will ultimately loose us from this hideous embrace with Soviet Russia?

"Co-existence" is the word used by the men in the Kremlin whenever they want to indicate that the struggle between the democracies and Communism need not become a deadly, all-out conflict—at least as long as the Communist empire seeks consolidation and until the volume of industrial production in Communist countries has caught up with our own. While the Communist leaders move toward these two goals, they rely on the conflict of interests among the democratic nations and on what they consider the predestined doom of the capitalistic system. The turkey breeder is happy to co-exist with the fat birds—up until Thanksgiving.

The Communists do not doubt that the causes of our ultimate ruin co-exist with our present-day power and wealth. As they make no mystery about this, we should be unalterably opposed to co-existence were we convinced that time is on their side and that the assumptions on which the Kremlin's plans rest are, if not correct, at least plausible. Fortunately, these assumptions are demonstrably wrong. Far from progressing through cycles of boom and bust to its ultimate destruction, our economy keeps growing with a steadiness equaled only by its resilience. Our industrial production continues to climb from one record-breaking level to even higher ones, and its benefits are spread out more and more widely. Only in the Communist countries does that most inhuman of all capitalists, the state, fail to share with the toiling masses the wealth they produce.

Meanwhile, the unity of Europe, in spite of all nationalisms, is coming into being, and the assistance the free world receives from America, rather than leading to an American empire, makes the nations on our side increasingly outspoken in asserting their own wills.

Which Can Outlast the Other?

Which, then, Communism or democratic capitalism, harbors within itself the seeds of doom? Which of the two systems will beat the other at the co-existence game? Obviously, the playing of this game against a ruthless opponent whose power is constantly growing requires something more than idle waiting for numbers to come up that will pay off the bets. It demands a constant effort to understand the trends of history and to know when to speed up or check the pace of these trends. Sometimes counter-trends have to be set in motion to disconcert and baffle the enemy—as was the case with the Marshall Plan. The game is a particularly hazardous one, since the Communists stop at nothing in their effort to force on human beings their dreary concept of human nature.

If the democracies' strength is not sapped by self-righteousness or laziness, they can bring about that kind of co-existence which will strengthen the free peoples' coalition and undermine the enemy's tyranny. For co-existence, no matter whether as the enemy sees it or as we do, is always a means to an end. It implies constant friction and constant tests on both sides, short of the ultimate test that is total war—although, of course, the threat of total war always remains. It cannot go on forever, one side containing another, for ultimately only the fitter will survive.

Our country, which leads the democracies, can well afford to be patient and restrained if we are

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convinced that, as Lincoln said of the Union, this world "cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." We do not need, then, to proclaim our conviction and our expectation twenty-four hours a day. A far more important task is to strengthen the unity of the non-Communist world, a unity in which the people under Communist tyranny will some day become partners.

Abraham Lincoln loathed slavery. He thought it was not only an immoral but an obsolete type of human bondage. Yet it was not Lincoln who fired the first shot of the Civil War. Rather, as he wrote in his letter to Greeley: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union and is not either to save or destroy slavery."

Lincoln was willing to co-exist with slavery, for he believed that no power on earth could prevent the emancipation of the Negro. He had to go through the agony of war. But his moderation, his insistence on the Union above all, allowed him to keep the border states on his side. Lincoln's lesson is fully applicable today, particularly if we remember that the major border state, should an all-out world civil war break out, is called India.

Co-existing with Enemies and Allies

If we are to play the game of co-existence with Communism successfully, we must know where and under what set of conditions we have the best chance, and where we have none. One thing is sure: There can be no possible sharing of responsibility between Communist and democratic parties within the government of a country. This has been tried all over Europe, east and west; invariably it has ended in disaster. In the countries of eastern Europe, thanks to the Red Army, the Communist leaders throttled the democratic majorities. In western Europe the Communist Parties had to be thrown out of the Governments because they were a state within the state, with no purpose other than sabotage. Incidentally, this is the reason why there is no hope for Germany to be peacefully reunited, any more than there is for China or Korea.

By contrast, we have learned that co-existence between Communist and democratic governments, no matter how frustrating, can at times yield results. This was the case when diplomatic negotiations with Soviet Russia resulted in the lifting of the Berlin blockade.

Some of the difficulties of co-existence are to be found inside the anti-Communist coalition, for there are Governments with which we have little in common, aside from a common antagonism toward Moscow. A man with unique spiritual authority, Pope Pius XII, whenever he mentions the free world never fails to put it in quotes. Yet it is doubtful whether even Congressman Velde would accuse the Pope of Communist sympathies.

To make of the free world something more than a motley collection of nations, the first—but by no means the only—condition is that the peoples' productive capacity be fully released. To use part of our strength and our wealth to increase the productivity and improve the standard of living of the nations on our side is not a matter of philanthropy. The free world's economy cannot maintain its primacy unless it grows faster than at present, because Soviet Russia's rate of industrial growth is greater right now than our own. What makes this possible is that the Soviet people are kept ill-fed, ill-housed, and—millions of them—literally enslaved.

Our responsibility is to make the free world hum with full productive activity. In no other way can we meet the test of co-existence. No matter how the job is done—by trade, aid, by stimulating local initiative—it must bring tangible benefits to the large masses of the people. For Russia too is humming—but the workers there are as poor and exploited as ever.

Of course we cannot rely simply on increased production or even on the improvement in the standard of living to make automatically for greater and greater democracy in the nations of the free world. People cannot exert much control over their working conditions or their lives unless they have work to do and lives worth living.

The people on the other side of the Iron Curtain may have some difficulty in understanding what freedom and democracy mean. But they can fully realize how their government is treating them when they learn that in non-Communist countries men work for their own self-improvement and not for the party or the state.

If we do all that is in our power to create conditions that actually make for freedom and for solidarity among free nations, then we have nothing to fear from co-existence, for we know where it will lead. It is perhaps a good omen that we have as head of our nation a man who must be endowed with a boundless reliance in his capacity to reach his aims by getting along with utterly uncongenial characters—a man, in fact, who, as if he had had a premonition that he might have to co-exist with Malenkov, managed to go through the Presidential campaign co-existing with McCarthy.

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The Legacies and Heirs Of J. V. Stalin

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

"Stalin is dead, long live Stalinism!" has resounded the cry from Moscow since Stalin passed away and Malenkov took his place. "No change in domestic or foreign policy" has been the order of the day. Yet only a few hours after Stalin's death, the professions of continuity were somewhat contradicted by tremors that shook the façade of the régime. Sweeping changes were decreed in the leadership of the party, in the Government, and even in the Presidency of the Union. The cumulative effect of the changes was to concentrate power in Malenkov's hands. As Stalin's anointed successor, he at once elevated himself over the heads of Stalin's Old Guard. He felt strong enough at once to offend Molotov's pride and to reduce that senior member of the Old Guard in rank. Malenkov has come forward not as one of a triumvirate but as the autocrat's autocratic successor.

It is true that barely a fortnight after Stalin's death Malenkov gave up his office as Party Secretary to Nikita Khrushchev. It may be that the secretaryship, which Stalin used to build up his dictatorship, is no longer the seat of power it once was, and Malenkov's withdrawal from it will give him the opportunity to concentrate on controlling the government machine, from which he has in the past kept more or less aloof. It is also of course possible that the Old Stalinist Guard, jealous of his ascendancy, has induced Malenkov to surrender the secretaryship, but certainly no one had previously suspected Khrushchev of being a strong man among Stalin's Heirs.

Lenin

The pattern of the triumvirate is a memory of the crisis in leadership after Lenin's death, when the tradition of government by committee was still strong in Moscow. This memory has little to do with the realities of power in 1953, but the ghosts of 1924 still hover over the Kremlin. The pretense is maintained that the Central Committee of the party speaks with a collective voice. Only collectively, it is implied, can Stalin's disciples and assistants fill the gap Stalin has left.

In 1924 the slogan was "Lenin is dead, long live Leninism!" and Stalin, Zinoviev, and Kamenev solemnly declared that only jointly could they replace the Leader. Least of all did Stalin then appear to claim Lenin's mantle for himself alone. The Central Committee as a body vowed to speak with Lenin's voice, as it now professes to speak with the voice of Stalin.

The world has thus witnessed an attempt to stage a repetition of a historical act played twenty-nine years ago. The repetition is not intended to be literal. The struggle over the succession of Lenin went on for a number of years before it was finally resolved in the great purges. This time, it is intimated, no such struggle should develop. Remembering his own experience, Stalin had eliminated even the possibility of any such struggle by removing or demoting Malenkov's potential rivals. He had reduced Molotov to the role of elder statesman; he had demoted and disgraced Voznesensky, the most independent-minded and intelligent member of the old Politburo; Zhdanov had died in circumstances which still remain mysterious. To be sure, Malenkov's prestige still needs some building up, but so did Stalin's in the first years after Lenin's death. Malenkov's aim is to be proclaimed and recognized as the "Stalin of his time," just as his predecessor was proclaimed and recognized as the "Lenin of his days."

Marx

Such is the strength of inherited traditions, legends, totems, and taboos that when events force new men to play new roles they pretend merely to repeat old performances, to go

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through the motions of outdated rituals, and to go on mumbling familiar magic formulas. Should we therefore assume that the pattern of Soviet succession remains unchanged?

The original act of Stalin's succession to Lenin was very different from the account of it given in Stalinist legend. It is not true that Lenin had given no thought to the problem of the succession. His habits of thought did not allow him to say who should be his successor; but he did indicate, emphatically, the man whom he regarded as unfit for the job. That man was Stalin. But Lenin's attempt to settle the issue indirectly and negatively failed. Stalin, with the self-assurance of a hereditary monarch, attempted in his old age to solve the problem of the succession directly and positively.

He behaved as if he were determined to awe history by a posthumous display of his infallibility. It did not occur to him that history, having so conspicuously ignored Lenin's will, might treat his own even more cavalierly. Since his ascendancy he had rewritten and falsified so many chapters of history that he came to believe that he could go on filling its blank pages even from his grave.

Stalin and Malenkov

Stalin chose Malenkov as the most faithful projection of his own political ego. Of course, Malenkov did not have Stalin's rich revolutionary experience. He had not gone through Lenin's school of professional revolutionaries. His political mind and habits were molded almost exclusively by Stalin. In the course of decades he carefully assimilated Stalin's manner of dealing with men and situations, his administrative methods, and even his mannerisms and way of dressing.

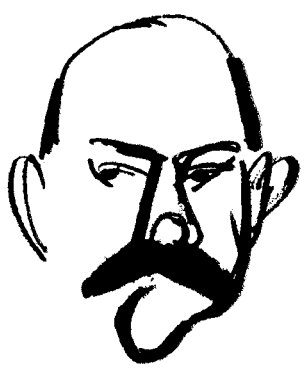
Stalin deliberately fashioned Malenkov's career so that it should appear as similar to his own as possible. He tried to project, as it were, certain landmarks of his own life into the life of Malenkov. He gave Malenkov the same assignments with which he himself had been entrusted by Lenin. During the Second World War he sent Malenkov to the same critical front-line areas that he himself had inspected in the Civil War, including Stalingrad, his old Tsaritsyn of 1918. Moscow's propaganda machine will now begin busily weaving all these facts into the Malenkov legend.

One might say that Malenkov was Stalin's political shadow, if such a description did not belittle Malenkov's undoubted ability, shrewdness, and drive. Despite the carefully assumed similarities, Malenkov's manner is free from the incongruities and the eccelesiastical undertone characteristic of Stalin. It is more businesslike, clear, and modern; but it is even flatter than Stalin's style. The new Soviet leader does not seem to suffer from the moral tensions and nervous strains that tortured and twisted Stalin's mind beneath his outer self-possession. The perfect bureaucrat has not been burdened by the ballast of pre-Stalinist Marxism; this was one of the advantages that seemed to predestine him for the role of Stalin's political reincarnation.

Something like a superstitious belief in the transmigration of the political souls of great leaders was essential to the Stalinist legend. Yet Stalin himself provided its most striking refutation, if any refutation was needed. In his deeds he repudiated Lenin at least as often and as strikingly as he professed the Leninist line. The further he moved away from Lenin, the more emphatically did he preach the Leninist orthodoxy, making of Leninism the party's liturgical and canonical code, quite without reference to its temporal business.

Malenkov in his turn is likely to treat Stalinism in a similar way. He has gone through some—but only some—of the genuflexions and devotional ceremonies that Stalin staged over Lenin's bier. For the time being, he has placed his master's remains beside Lenin's in the Mausoleum. He has been duly acclaimed as Stalin's "closest associate." But his advent marks the end of the Stalinist era just as surely as Stalin's marked the close of the Leninist phase of the Revolution.

Even before Stalin's body was carried down into the vault, Malenkov had upset the laborious work of organization done by Stalin in his last months. Indeed, he began his rule with what in any normal state would be described as a *coup d'état*. He dismissed Shvernik, the nominal President of the Soviet Union, and Gorkin, who held something like the post of Vice-President; and after the event he ordered the Supreme Soviet to legalize the act. He kicked out a dozen Ministers and merged fourteen government departments into five. He reshuffled the directing bodies of the party. He brought back Marshal



Kaganovich

Beria

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Zhukov, the conqueror of Berlin, whom Stalin had kept in the wilderness ever since 1946—all of this within a few hours of Stalin's death. He must have thought out his moves long before, at a time when he still acted the part of Stalin's respectful and retiring assistant. On the first day of mourning he cast aside all discretion, as if he wanted to tell the world: "You think that I have been Stalin's shadow only—I'll show you that I have my own mind and my own will."

Before attempting to decide whether a power as great as Stalin's can be transmitted, we must consider the problems Stalin has bequeathed to Malenkov. We must also look at the wider background of contemporary Russia, which is more important than the personalities of the ruling group and any real or supposed jockeying for power in the Kremlin.

Marxism And Magic

A certain immediate crisis of confidence is unavoidable not only in Russia but throughout the Communist world. A régime based on a quasi-religious cult of a single hero inevitably exposes itself to shock at the moment of that hero's disappearance.

The sophisticated members of the Communist Party may be largely immune from shock because of their certainty that the massive party machinery of which they are part will assure continuity. As a rule, the educated party members take a cynical view of the hero cult, seeing it as a device for keeping in submission the backward masses steeped in the spirit of Greek Orthodoxy and accustomed to look up to a symbolic "Father of the People." Yet even the party stalwarts have felt more than once that the cult had its own momentum, capable of destroying those who took a cynical view of it.

Some leading Stalinists must now be anxiously wondering whether the cult is not going to have its final revenge on them. It is not altogether easy to offer the popular imagination a substitute for the image of Stalin, "The Wisest Man of all Times," "Dear Father and Teacher," "The Life-giving Sun." What is to happen now, when the Wise Father is no more and the Life-giving Sun has set?

Among the mass of the people the shock must have been severe. Not for nothing did Malenkov try to justify the swiftness with which he overhauled the whole machinery of government by invoking the need to forestall "panic and dissension." In this respect, the present situation differs from that which arose after Lenin's death, when the pyramid was not yet so precariously balanced on its apex.

It may, however, be easy to exaggerate this aspect of the crisis. Modern propaganda machines can quickly build even an inconspicuous character into a demigod. Whether they will succeed this time depends on the state of the nation, the moods of its various social groups, and their willingness or unwillingness to accept the new totem handed down to them.

Molotov

What made the Russian people accept the Stalin legend for so long? And are they now in a mood to accept a Malenkov legend?

Karl Marx once wrote that ancient mythology had sprung from man's feeling of helplessness amid the blind forces of nature that he had not yet learned to control. It may be added that modern political mythology has its source in man's sense of helplessness amid blind forces of modern society that he has not been able to master. If Stalinists had the courage to apply this Marxist idea to the Soviet Union, they would perceive that the flourishing of political mythology in that country was the unmistakable symptom of a moral enervation and depression of society. Stalinism throve on that enervation and did its utmost to deepen and perpetuate it.

The prostration came naturally in the early 1920's, after the titanic exertions of all social classes in the Revolution, the Civil War, and the famines that followed. Exhaustion and the feeling of political helplessness made the climate of the formative years of Stalinism. In those years peasants working their tiny plots with antediluvian tools formed the overwhelming majority of the nation. The Marxist idea of socialism, as expounded by Lenin, was of western European origin; it presupposed a modern, highly industrialized, and civilized society. It did not and could not fit a semi-Asiatic nation whose emblem should have been not the hammer and sickle but the wooden plow.

The Revolution had to adapt itself to its environment, and Stalinism provided the adaptation. In it the alien socialist idea was wedded to the outlook of the barefoot and benighted Russian muzhik and to the primitive tribal magic of the Georgian highlander and the Kirghizian nomad. The marriage was as unnatural as it was inescapable, and its grotesqueness was reflected in all the antics of the Stalin cult. Marxian socialism, whether one likes it or not, has its highly modern inner logic. Primitive magic has its own poetic integrity. Stalinism, that mongrel of Marxism and primitive magic, has neither; it is a prodigy of incongruity.

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The Plow, the Atom, And Lenin's Tomb

Can Stalinism survive Stalin? Or will the Soviet people abandon the totems and taboos of the Stalinist era?

The ultimate answer will depend on whether the Soviet people have outgrown or are on the point of outgrowing the social conditions in which primitive magic flourishes.

It was the chief contradiction in Stalin's role that while he represented the ascendancy of native backwardness over Marxian socialism, he also represented the dictatorship of Marxian socialism over Russia's backwardness. He subordinated the Marxian idea to Russia's barbarous tradition, but he also forced Russia out of its economic barbarism and illiteracy, driving a nation of two hundred million people across the chasm between the epoch of the wooden plow and that of the atomic age. The leap is not yet completed. Nobody can count the myriads who have landed on one side of the gulf and those who are left behind on the other—or those who have fallen to their destruction. But there is no way back.

Russia is now the second industrial power of the world and is forging ahead with tremendous speed. This is no matter of mere material progress and organization. Stalin's industrial revolution could not have been achieved without an accompanying cultural revolution. Millions of skilled and semiskilled workers had to be trained; the great mass of peasants employed in a highly mechanized agriculture had to be taught to use modern tools, to read and write; and a very numerous modern professional class of technicians, research workers, administrators, managers, doctors, teachers, and military officers had to be created. This cultural revolution has been marred by all the vices of Stalinism, by the infusion of bureaucratic dogma and magic into science, by falsification of history, and so on. But all this has not nullified the cultural revolution: it has merely reduced its effectiveness.

Russia may still be mired up to its ankles or knees in the epoch of primitive magic, but it is not plunged in it up to its neck and ears, as it was a quarter of a century ago. Thus, Stalinism, even while it struggled for its self-perpetuation, was destroying the prerequisites of its self-perpetuation.

THE DEATH of a personality that dominates a whole epoch may become a historic turning point when that death coincides with the growth of other factors that make for a wider national crisis. Stalin died at a time when such factors were visibly gaining momentum, although their coming into the open may not be imminent.

The perpetual heresy hunts of recent years have provided abundant, if still negative, evidence of growing strains and stresses and of a new ferment of ideas in Russia. By means of these heresy hunts the primitive magic of Stalinism has been desperately trying to maintain its domination over a people coming of age culturally and politically. Will Malenkov try to prolong the domination of Stalinist magic?

Nobody can pretend to know the answer, and perhaps Malenkov himself does not know it. But he expressed his—and Russia's—dilemma almost symbolically when, repeating his professions of allegiance to Stalin, he gave orders for the abandonment of the Lenin Mausoleum in Red Square, that landmark and shrine of Stalinism, that monument which Oriental barbarism erected for itself in the very heart of the Russian Revolution. He could have made no more expressive gesture the day after Stalin's eyes had been closed.

Stalin and Soviet Self-Containment

The death of Stalin has even more obviously coincided with a crisis in the attitudes of Stalinism toward the rest of the world.

Leninism lived in the hope of world revolution to be carried out by the independent action of foreign working classes. Stalinism had its origin in the frustration of that hope. To use now-fashionable terms, the dilemma of "liberation versus containment" intensely occupied Bolshevism during the transition from the Leninist to the Stalinist era. The question then was whether Bolshevism should stake its future on the "emancipation of the world from capitalism" or on the containment of capitalism at the boundaries of the Soviet Union.

Stalinism solved the controversy in favor of containment. "Socialism in one country" was the formula of Stalin's solution. Indeed, in that formula he announced to the world Bolshevism's readiness for self-containment. He taught foreign Communist movements to bow to the sacred egoism of the Russian Revolution and to subordinate to it their own aspirations. He intended "socialism in one country" to be his

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life's work and to remain his party's philosophy for a whole historical epoch.

The Second World War brought that epoch to an end much earlier than Stalin had expected. It drove Stalinism out of its national shell. It brought vast Soviet armies into a dozen foreign lands; and these armies could not help but carry the Revolution—a "degenerated" Stalinist revolution, to be sure—on the points of their bayonets. The Second World War also brought into motion turbulent tides of social unrest and upheaval all over Asia.

Conservative minds in the West have seen in Stalin the evil plotter responsible for both the managed and the genuine revolutions of our days, because to the conservative mind revolution is always the product of conspiracy. The impartial historian will record that in the last decade of his life Stalin struggled desperately and unavailingly to save the wreckage of his policy of self-containment from the tempest of the time. He tried to stem the tides, and he bowed to them and then tried to ride them only when they threatened to submerge him.

At Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam he still made his policies essentially in terms of self-containment. This was the basis of his collaboration with Roosevelt and Churchill. True, this was to be self-containment within an area somewhat expanded in agreement with the western Allies. He was confident that he would be able to keep his satellite Communist Parties under control, and through them the social ferments of the aftermath of war. Presently he found out that he was mistaken.

WE NOW LEARN from Tito that the conflict between himself and Stalin began when Stalin was urging Tito to consent to the reinstatement of the monarchy in Yugoslavia, when he tried to curb Tito's hot expansionism and to divert him from Trieste, and when he urged Tito to withdraw support from the embattled Communist guerrillas in Greece. It is the "accident" of Tito's break with Moscow that has brought to light these episodes of Stalin's struggle to preserve self-containment, episodes that might otherwise have been

Zinoviev

hidden in the archives for a long time. How many similar incidents still remain hidden?

We also learn from Tito—but not only from him—that Stalin tried almost to the end to stem the tide of the Chinese Revolution. He himself related to Tito's Foreign Minister, Edvard Kardelj, how he advised Mao Tse-tung to come to terms with Chiang Kai-shek and to disband the Chinese Red armies; how, with an Oriental slyness that matched Stalin's own, Mao listened reverently and nodded approvingly, promising to behave; and how then, totally ignoring Stalin's counsel, Mao led Chinese Communism to its triumph.

AND YET those who have held Stalin responsible for the spread of Communism are not altogether wrong. He did inspire, promote, and sometimes even arm the satellite Communist Parties. He had hoped to use them as instruments of Russian pressure upon foreign governments, as chessmen to be expended in the diplomatic game. But the chessmen began to play their own game. The magic wand that Stalin believed would enable him to control the revolutionary elements in the world broke in his hands.

To the end, Stalin pretended that he was still wielding that wand. The conservatives in the West believed him. Even now, John Foster Dulles tells us that "in Asia, Stalin's plans, laid twenty-five years ago, achieved a dramatic success through the Communist civil war." If this were true, Stalin would have honestly deserved the title of the greatest political genius in all history. Ex-Communists turned anti-Communists co-operated in a negative way in fostering the Stalinist myth. A man like James Burnham, who in the 1930's viciously attacked Stalin for betraying world Communism and even for selling out the proletarian revolution to "American imperialism" made it his job to tempt that same American "imperialism" to a crusade against Stalin, by whose fiat, he now claimed, world Communism lived and prospered.

The satellite Communist Parties did, in truth, rally around Russia and submit to the Stalin cult. They did so most often with trembling and foreboding, and soon they had to sacrifice their own leaders to the Moloch of Stalinism. The explanation of their behavior lay in their weakness and in their acute fear of counter-revolutionary forces at home and of the counter-revolutionary potentialities of western policy. Stalin did his best to produce many Titos; and the West was doing its best to see that he produced only one Tito.

"SOCIALISM in one country" had thus been buried long before Stalin died. It fell to Stalin himself to make the long-overdue funeral oration on it, and this is what his last public speech at the Nineteenth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party last fall amounted to.

The emergence of new Communist régimes had profound repercussions inside Russia. Stalinism had justified its despotism with the argument that Russia, the bulwark of proletarian revolution, was surrounded by a hostile world. The argument had great power; it disarmed or paralyzed innumerable recalcitrant minds. It was, after all, true that twice within a single generation German armies had marched toward the Dnieper and the Volga. It was also true that in its first days the Revolution had had to struggle for its existence against French, British, and even American intervention, against a blockade, a commercial and financial boycott, and a *cordon sanitaire*.

Stalinism throve on the popular memory of these unhappy events. It kept alive that memory, and it

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fanned the smoldering hatreds and fears that went with it.

The Second World War put an end to Russia's isolation. Communist régimes in China and in eastern and central Europe formed vast "security belts" around Russia. For the first time in decades Russia seemed geographically secure from foreign threats. It was no longer easy to invoke Russia's isolation as justification for all the harshness of Stalinism.

Even a régime armed with all the machinery of totalitarian control needs its moral justifications; without them, popular disillusionment and resentment might slow the machine down. The sudden fear of American atomic supremacy helped to keep the wheels turning, but perhaps they weren't turning with their old impetus.

It was significant that during Stalin's last months there resounded throughout Russia a warning against those who argued that now, with Russia no longer the only Communist country in the world, the old ways and habits had become outdated. With one foot in the grave, Stalin heard his lieutenants raising the alarum about the recurrence in the party of the "Bukharinist and Trotskyist" deviations; and Stalin himself, in his last published letters, had to rebuke young Soviet economists for a relapse into the long-suppressed heresies.

BUT LET US return to the crisis of Stalinist foreign policy. Having swallowed so much more than he had intended to, Stalin was anxious to gain the time needed for digestion. He did not belong to that type of conqueror who tries to cure indigestion by swallowing more. He tried to revive his old formula and to devise a policy of Communist self-containment "on a higher level"—as he himself might have put it.

He estimated that perhaps two more decades were needed to allow Russia to catch up with and to surpass the United States industrially, to attain a standard of living that would assure popular contentment, to strengthen eastern Europe, and to allow Communist China to develop its economic resources to the present Russian level. He believed that once these goals had been achieved, the genuine attraction of Communism would become so overwhelming that nothing would stop Europe and the whole of Asia from turning Communist. He held that in the meantime it was on balance worthwhile for Communism to adopt a broad policy of self-containment within "one-third of the globe." This was to be the Soviet corollary to American containment.

Stalin's political testament may thus be summed up as the substitution of "socialism in one-third of the world" for "socialism in one country." He hinted at this idea in his last published work, *The Economic Problems of Socialism*, and he argued it out in detail and handed it down to Malenkov, to Mao Tse-tung, and to a few chosen Communist leaders in eastern Europe.

There is reason to believe that Malenkov has unreservedly identified himself with this policy. On occasion he vigorously defended its implications against other members of Stalin's entourage, and even against Stalin himself. If we are to believe Titoist sources, Malenkov was opposed to the blockade of Berlin in 1948, and on other occasions he urged Stalin to adopt a more conciliatory attitude toward the West. His first political statement as Premier, made at Stalin's funeral, lends credibility to these accounts, for in it he not only placed unusual emphasis on Russia's desire for peace but studiously omitted any of the customary references to western imperialism. He did the same in his next speech, at the opening of the Supreme Soviet on March 15, when he declared, "There does not exist at present any controversial or unresolved issue which could not be resolved in a peaceful way by mutual agreement between the interested countries. This applies to our relations with all countries, including those with the United States . . ."

The Ghost of Bonaparte

But will Malenkov be able to stick to self-containment? Even if one were to assume that any single person or even any single government is still in a position to master the conflict that has rent the world, the answer may not depend on Malenkov alone or on the Soviet Communist Party.

A precondition for self-containment would be either Moscow's dissociation from the Communist movements of the world or its complete control over them. Genuine dissociation is impossible for Moscow. Will Malenkov be in a position to enforce complete control?

As a theorist, ideologue, or interpreter of the dogma, Malenkov has no authority with foreign Communist leaders. In this respect, Mao Tse-tung's standing is infinitely superior. But this may be of no importance. Stalin's stature in the Comintern of the middle 1920's was no higher than Malenkov's is now. Even later, foreign Communist leaders took Stalin's orders not because they were dazzled by his lucent pearls of Marxist thought but because he spoke on behalf of the party that had to its credit the first successful proletarian revolution. Later the satellite Communist rulers accepted Stalin's supremacy because for domestic or foreign reasons they felt too weak to stand on their own feet. Tito rebelled because he was certain of strong domestic support and thought he could find safety in a neutral corner between the two power blocs.

As long as Chinese and eastern European Communism feels threatened abroad or at home, it will take its cue from Malenkov as it did from Stalin. The conflict with Tito taught a lesson even to Stalin, who began to handle Mao Tse-tung with greater circumspection and tact. The lesson does not seem to have been wasted on Malenkov, who placed Premier

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Chou En-lai with Voroshilov by his side at Stalin's funeral ahead of Molotov and all the other leaders of the Russian party. It seems plausible to expect that in the immediate future Malenkov should be able to impose upon the countries of the Russian bloc, though not without friction, policies conforming to the pattern of self-containment.

But beyond the well-defined boundaries of the Soviet bloc there are turbulent forces of upheaval over which Moscow's control is less effective. And these forces may wreck Malenkov's self-containment as they wrecked Stalin's. There is no guarantee that sooner or later another Mao may not rise in another part of Asia or that even in non-Communist Europe another Tito may not reach out for power in defiance of Moscow.

Self-containment may also be frustrated by the dynamic of the Soviet state itself. The ghost of Bonaparte has haunted the Russian Revolution for three decades. Stalin had repeatedly wrestled with the ghost. As in Dante's tale about the man who wrestles with the snake and in the struggle himself assumes the snake's shape, Stalin himself assumed some features of a Soviet Bonaparte when, as Generalissimo, he placed himself above his generals. But this was in part a masquerade. Stalin remained the civilian party leader in uniform, representing only a diluted and adulterated Bonapartism.

The mere need for such an adulteration testified that the trend toward Bonapartism was latent in Soviet society; it was no mere invention of the lovers of historical analogy. Nobody can say whether some day a real general, whom the uniform of a Bonaparte would fit much better than it fitted Stalin, might not appear in Red Square. It is not irrelevant that the trend toward the rule of the sword is strongly at work in the non-Communist world as well. The day on which a real Soviet Bonaparte rises in the Kremlin may see the end of all self-containment, for this Bonaparte would disperse the party secretaries and ride in glory to the Atlantic.

THERE are as yet no signs of the advent of the Soviet Bonaparte. Voroshilov, whom Malenkov has put in Shvernik's place as the titular head of the state, was a military failure, and at the age of seventy-two he is surely content with the prospect of a quiet and dignified close to his tumultuous life. In the background stand Marshals Zhukov, Vassilevsky, Konev, and their like, about whose ambitions one cannot be quite so sure. But in the near future the marshals will remain in subordinate positions.

The prospects of Communist self-containment do not depend, however, only or even primarily on what happens in the Communist world. The continuance of Soviet self-containment would be in part a response to American containment—indeed, its delayed, unacknowledged, and even unnoticed triumph. Yet the end of the Stalin era coincides with a crisis in that American policy.

If Washington were in all earnestness to abandon containment in favor of "liberation," self-containment would become meaningless for Moscow.

The future of Soviet foreign policy lies therefore as much in President Eisenhower's hands as in Malenkov's. President Eisenhower may even be master of Malenkov's fortunes in a wider sense. If a warlike threat to Russia were to come from the West before Malenkov's régime became thoroughly consolidated, the day of the Soviet Bonaparte might dawn. On that day the bells would toll for the whole world.

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Anti-Semitism in the Satellites: The Wave of Fear Advances

CLAIRE STERLING

BERLIN

LESS THAN half a year has passed since the Communists opened their anti-Semitic campaign in the satellite nations of Europe. But already the new epidemic of bigotry and hate has afflicted the Jewish populations of East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and Romania. Bulgaria, for reasons as complex as the reasons for the anti-Semitic campaign itself, has so far been spared.

Information about Jews behind the Iron Curtain becomes increasingly hard to get. A year ago, even six months ago, Jewish refugees were constantly available for questioning. But last winter the flow stopped from all satellite countries except East Germany, where the Berlin subway still provided an escape route. People who know from experience say that it was easier to get out of Nazi Germany in the 1930's than it is to get out of the Communist satellites today.

But refugees are still getting through, and I have prepared this survey of conditions among Jews in the Soviet satellites after talking to those who have recently reached Vienna, Munich, and the western section of Berlin. I was also helped by relief officers, journalists, and Jewish leaders in these cities. A very important part of my information was provided by Radio Free Europe, which runs the most thorough radio-monitoring and escapee-interviewing system on the Continent. All details have been confirmed either by two or more good sources independently of each other, or—in a few instances—by one unimpeachable source.

From what can be learned so far, this new epidemic of anti-Semitism is part of a much larger drive against most of the unassimilated economic, racial, or religious groups in the new Soviet régimes, including the middle class, landowning peasants, practicing Protestants and Catholics, and any other groups suspected of having ties to the West. By 1949, for example, not a single high Catholic dignitary was at liberty in Romania, and by 1950, eleven thousand members of the Catholic clergy in eastern Europe had been killed, jailed, or deported. For the moment, however, the Jews seem to have priority.

East Germany

There were only about fifteen hundred Jews in the Soviet Zone of Germany as of last fall. Most of them were well past middle age, and almost all had been in concentration camps. Some had fled the country during the Hitler régime and then returned, not only because they thought of themselves as Germans but also because the Communist régime offered them many advantages. Anti-Semitism had been outlawed. Former concentration-camp inmates got apartments and work. In 1947, Jews who had been in the camps were granted special pensions of from fifty to one hundred dollars a month. Between 1948 and 1949, the state built unusually elaborate places of worship for even small Jewish groups: a $75,000 synagogue for the 160 Jews of Erfurt, a $62,000 one for the 198 in Dresden, a $25,000 one for the hundred in Halle.

For anyone who had known what it was to be a Jew under Hitler, these measures had special appeal. Accordingly, many Jews joined the government-sponsored Socialist Unity Party (S.E.D.), and most of them entered the Communist-sponsored Association for Victims of Nazi Persecution, or V.V.N. Once in, they couldn't leave the V.V.N. even if they wanted to; nonmembers could neither draw pensions nor work in the government or state-controlled industry—practically all industry was state-controlled.

IMMEDIATELY after the Prague trial of Rudolph Slansky and other Czech Communist leaders last November, there were several incidents that indicated a change in policy. A Jewish worker in an east Berlin clothing warehouse was warned by his supervisor that police had been asking for him, and had said he was getting relief packages from "Joint" (American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee); he took the subway for west Berlin at once. A seventy-two-year-old Jewish woman was told that her pension was to be stopped because she was "not active" in the V.V.N. A Jewish factory manager in Leipzig was dismissed without warning. A Jew named Heinz Schrecker who had fought with the Loyalists in

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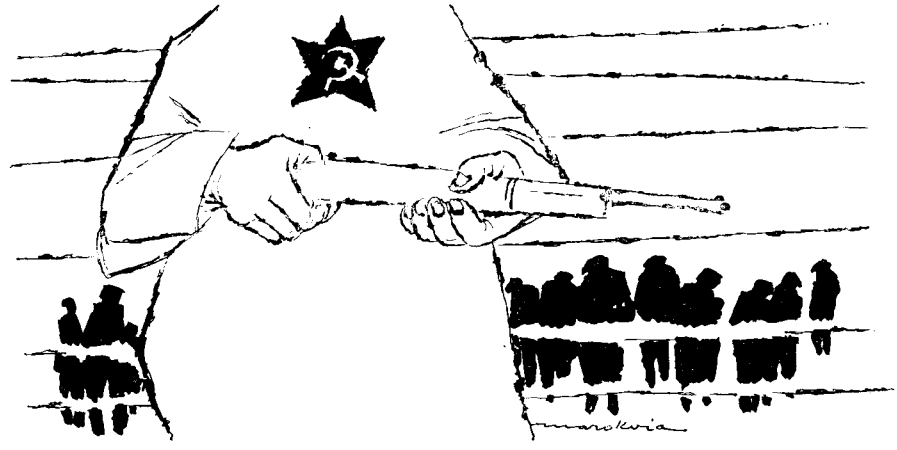
Spain was arrested without explanation.

By the beginning of January at least thirty Jews working for the government had been either arrested or fired, and more than twenty others had been relieved of all responsibility in the Communist political apparatus. Among these were Gerhart Eisler and the noted Jewish writer Arnold Zweig, now old and blind, who had come back from Israel and been made president of the Kulturbund.

On January 5, the S.E.D. Central Committee summoned Julius Meyer, a former inmate of Auschwitz, a member of the S.E.D. and the East German Parliament, and president of the official East German Jewish community. He was ordered to sign a statement attacking the Slansky defendants, Israel, and "Joint" as part of an espionage network. He was then ordered to produce lists of everyone in the Jewish community; all those who were receiving or had ever received parcels from "Joint," which meant practically every Jew in Soviet Germany; and all those who had distributed these parcels.

Meyer pleaded for time, was recalled on January 8, and then told to return again. On the tenth, he went to Leipzig secretly to spread a general alarm; and on the fifteenth he escaped to west Berlin. His departure was the signal for a general exodus; between four and five hundred Jews—about a third of the entire number in the Russian Zone—followed him in a few weeks. Among them were some former government officials like Heinz Fried, who had been ousted from Parliament in January. Most, however, were nonpolitical, and some had not left Berlin all during the Hitler régime. All of these refugees later mentioned their shock at seeing headlines about "Jew Zionist-Bourgeois-Imperialist Agents." Some had had threatening visits from the police or V.V.N. officials, ordering them to sign statements saying there was no anti-Semitism in East Germany and denouncing "the spy Meyer."

On January 10, the Communist newspaper *Neues Deutschland* declared, in an editorial on the Slansky trial, that "Stalin's leadership has enabled the party to uncover agents



at a time when their criminal acts did not seem to be obvious." It was a clear warning that Jews must be regarded as *potential* offenders, to be tried now for crimes that might later be discovered.

Czechoslovakia

Almost no refugees have gotten out of Czechoslovakia since the November trials, but the little evidence available indicates that anti-Semitism is even more virulent in Czechoslovakia than in Germany.

There were 320,000 Czech Jews before the Second World War. There are now about thirty thousand. The Communist government not only permitted several thousand Jews to emigrate legally but extended assistance to Israel during its war with the Arabs, selling arms to the new state and training Jewish infantrymen in western Bohemia and Jewish pilots on the airfield near Zatec. (The same places are now being used for Arab trainees.)

The Czech authorities stopped official emigration to Israel in 1950. Otto Fischl, who had directed the emigration program—and who had seen to it that Jews were relieved of their possessions before they boarded outgoing planes—was one of the eight Jews among the eleven Czechs hanged in the Slansky case. Since the executions, there has been a series of acts striking directly at the Jewish population.

Between the nights of November 23 and 26, there was a wave of arrests. The exact number of Jews arrested is not known, but the Home Commissioner of Slovakia later announced that in November 7,338 people had been arrested in Slovakia alone on political grounds—twice the normal rate. Most of the arrests were made in the Slovakian capital of Bratislava, where Jews are concentrated. Among those taken were a lawyer named Weil who had been a friend of the executed Vladimir Clementis fifteen years ago, and Dr. Reiss, of the Home for Jewish Aged, who was a witness in the Slansky trial. The rest were largely members of either the Czech Zionist Association or the Makabi (Jewish Sports Organization).

During the same three nights, police occupied the Home for Jewish Aged; raided the Jewish communal eating place on Nekazanka Street in Prague; closed and sealed the offices of the Committee for Palestine in Bratislava, arresting whoever was there; searched the homes of the entire Jewish community in Bratislava, confiscating all foreign currency (a prerequisite for clandestine emigration); and deported many Jewish families—exact figure un-

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known—to the remote district of Trencín, with only the clothes on their backs.

These raids were accompanied by a blast of anti-Zionist propaganda, which was unknown in Communist Czechoslovakia before the Slansky trial, together with an official definition of a Zionist by the new Deputy Prime Minister Kopecky. The government, he said, would consider any Jew a Zionist who "was born of capitalistic parents, has had a bourgeois upbringing without contact with the common people, and is not in sympathy with the . . . régime."

Poland

There were three and a quarter million Jews in Poland in 1939. More than two and three-quarter million of them were exterminated during the war. All but forty thousand of those left were subsequently deported to the Soviet Union. After the war, about 150,000 of those who had been sent to Russia came back; the rest either died or are still detained in Siberian and Uzbekistani labor camps.

The Polish Communist government was at first extremely kind to the survivors, and announced its belief that they had a "moral right" to leave the country. About one hundred thousand did this illegally between 1946 and 1949, rather than wait for visas. When the government finally launched its official emigration program in 1949, ninety-five per cent of the remaining Jews applied for visas. About half of them got out before the program was abruptly terminated in 1951; roughly fifty thousand are still in Poland.

At first Polish Jews gratefully supported the force that had overthrown their Nazi oppressors. Many of them accepted government jobs, and several Jews filled the régime's most exposed positions in the Bezpieka, or secret police—a factor that helped to revive the classic Polish anti-Semitism.

There is some doubtful protection for Polish Jews in the fact that three Jews still dominate the Polish Communist apparatus — Jacob Berman, Vice-Minister Without Portfolio and the ruling voice in the Politburo; Hilary Minc, Vice-Premier and author of Poland's Six-Year Plan; and Roman Zambrowski, secretary of the Communists' Central Committee. But in Poland, as elsewhere in eastern Europe, there have been special anti-Jewish measures since the Slansky trial.

It is known that several Poles who had to do with the official emigration program are now in prison. Some thirty Jews who had visited the Israeli legation in Warsaw were arrested in January, including Stanislaw Lec, former press attaché in Vienna. Two people who recently escaped from Warsaw have reported that from the crowds of Jews who still gather before the state passport office—though it has been "closed for repairs" since November—at least ten are picked up for questioning each week. There are repeated reports of Jewish workers being fired, particularly in the textile industry. All kosher butcher shops and Jewish ritual baths in Lodz have been closed.

LAST December a cartoon appeared in the Communist-controlled Warsaw *Folk Sztyme* ("Voice of the People"), the only Yiddish paper now published anywhere from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The cartoon showed a young and virile Polish worker with a firm grip on a wriggling, slope-shouldered, hook-nosed, low-hairlined figure who was waving a Jewish star in one hand and clutching papers marked "Espionage" and "Sabotage" in the other. The caption was: "The flag of Herzl [the founder of Zionism] has always served for camouflage, diversion, and sabotage. But now, after Prague, every spy and everyone who sells himself will be hanged."

Aside from frightening the Jews themselves, the cartoon will obviously be understood by many Poles as an invitation to give further expression to native anti-Semitism. There is already one example of how such Poles are reacting to what they evidently regard as official permission to take matters into their own hands: A Jew who had testified against a Polish war criminal several years ago was found recently in Wroclaw with seventeen stab wounds in his body.

Hungary

There were three hundred thousand Jews in prewar Hungary. By 1945, less than half of them were left. Of these, some forty thousand have since emigrated to Israel either legally or illegally; about ninety thousand remain.

These people are said to be in both the best and worst position of any Jews in the Communist bloc—best because the Hungarian government is entirely run by men of Jewish descent, worst because a change in the Government might easily bring on a purge of all Jews.

At the top is Mátyás Rákosi, Prime Minister and General Secretary of the Communist party. He is the only leader of the abortive 1919 Communist uprising who is still alive; all the rest, from Bela Kun down, were purged by the Russians in 1937 and 1938. In those years, however, Rákosi was in one of Admiral Horthy's prisons. Just under him is Ernö Gerö, economic dictator of Hungary, appointed last autumn as Deputy

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Prime Minister and member of the newly organized five-man Presidium. (Reports of his arrest are still unconfirmed.)

Next in the hierarchy is Mihály Farkas, Minister of Defense and also a member of the Presidium. After him comes Zoltan Vas, former head of Hungary's Five-Year Plan, unaccountably not appointed to any high post in the autumn reorganization. (Vas has one sister in London and another in Israel.) Others are József Révai, Chief of Propaganda, and Gabor Peters, head of the AVH or secret police. Seventy per cent of Peters's staff is—or was—Jewish; his principal lieutenant, Guyla Decsi (also Jewish), was arrested on February 7.

These men, like their Polish counterparts, have done nothing to protect Hungarian Jewry. On the contrary, they have been systematically eliminating the Jewish population, which is predominantly middle-class. Between May 22 and July 30, 1951, an estimated eighty thousand Hungarians of whom more than half were Jews were evacuated from Budapest. Most deportees were sent, without personal belongings, to small towns in eastern and southeastern Hungary, where they are reported to be living in primitive quarters on near-starvation rations.

Most of the remaining middle-class Jews in Budapest have been ejected from their apartments, and are living by selling their possessions; no visible effort is being made to "adapt" them as workers. No "Joint" food parcels have been received since January. Although "Joint" stopped operating here officially in 1949, by agreement with the government it continued sending money to the organized Jewish community, which in turn was providing either total or partial relief for thirty-four thousand people. This agreement was terminated with the arrest of Lajos Stöckler, president of the community, on January 20, although he had collaborated loyally with the Communists from the beginning.

Until last summer the Government had permitted thousands of Jews to emigrate by tolerated bribery, at a cost of three thousand dollars apiece; apparently the dollars were welcome. The last of these émigrés came through in August. Since November, only four are known to have gotten into Austria across a frontier that has been shaved of all trees and shubbery, thoroughly mined, lined with electrically charged barbed wire, and guarded with machine guns. (Similar defenses, incidentally, have been installed on Hungary's Russian frontier.)

In November, the state confiscated a new Jewish orphanage, built with "Joint" funds, for boys whose parents had died in gas chambers; these quarters are now being used as apartment houses for Communist officials. In the same month, "Joint's" new home for Jewish aged was taken over and made into a training school for Communist cadres.

Obviously, the Jews in Hungary have no hope of mercy from the existing Government, now that the official anti-Zionist program is under way. This was made quite clear to them by the statement they got from Gerö recently. He told a Jewish delegation: "I am not a Jew, I am a Communist."

Romania

There are about three hundred thousand Jews left out of the one and a half million who once lived in Romania. According to one of them who got out of the country in April, 1952, those remaining almost unanimously want to go to Israel. Until April, the government permitted them to do so by crossing the Black Sea on the Jewish-chartered steamer *Transylvania*. The last shipload left that month—the same month during which the Central Committee announced that Ana Pauker, Foreign Minister and ruler of the Politburo, had been relieved of her positions.

Ana Pauker had never helped her fellow Jews. She had, in fact, renounced her Jewish father. Her departure from public life, however, marked the beginning of an intensive anti-Jewish campaign. It is not known how many families were involved in the deportations that began last summer; but it is known that in Bucharest last November the whole Nachinson family of four, after getting an evacuation order, committed suicide. All had been in Nazi concentration camps.

Word has also gotten out about a series of arrests that began early last fall. Many of those arrested were charged with transferring currency secretly to Israel. If the charges were true, it would seem to reflect an obviously desperate urge to emigrate. While the government still permits a very limited number of Jews to leave, no one who works is free to do so. Accordingly, a large number of Jews have quit their jobs voluntarily and are living on what they can sell, in the hope that they will get visas some day.

BULGARIA is the only eastern European Communist country where a full-scale anti-Zionist program does not seem to be under way. There are no more than six thousand Jews left there, and these are still being permitted to emigrate legally. One such group departed on schedule on January 2, 1953, another on January 6, another on January 16. Many refugees believe that such emigration is encouraged because it offers the only remaining evidence that there is no official anti-Semitism in the satellite countries today.

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How Fares the Land?

Surpluses Accumulate and Prices Decay

J. K. GALBRAITH

THE FARM PROBLEM is a trying one for even the well-informed urban American. It flares up without warning after intervals that are just long enough for even the retentive man to find that he has forgotten most of what he learned last time. He must also contend with a peculiarly complex blend of history, economics, politics, and emotion.

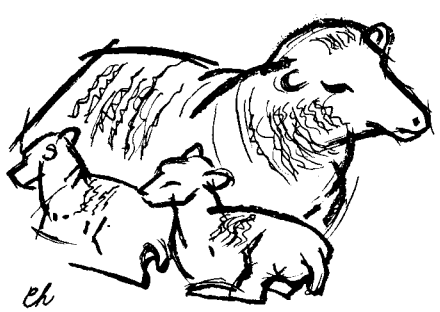
All these elements are present in the current rumpus over farm prices, but the political component is above par even for this course. The Democrats, having appealed to the farmer last autumn with a notable lack of success, could scarcely have hoped for such an early opportunity to say "I told you so." Naturally they are taking advantage of it.

The new Republican Secretary of Agriculture has shown an apparent capacity for becoming a center of controversy. I use the word "apparent" advisedly, for it is not certain just how many of Ezra Taft Benson's troubles any other newcomer could have avoided. We sometimes forget that, taking the last twenty years together, the Secretary of Agriculture has been a considerably more controversial figure than even the Secretary of State. (The life of a Secretary of the Treasury has been positively monastic by comparison.) Still, in expressing doubts about the wisdom and sanctity of the present price-support system at a time when a good many farmers were beginning to wonder if it might be their lifeline to solvency, Mr. Benson was certainly asking for trouble.

However, I am only indirectly concerned with the politics of the present farm troubles. Any number of people have already settled the elections of 1954 and even of 1956 by reference to what has happened in the past few weeks, and I am content to take their word for it. It is more important to see just how badly the farmer has been hurt in the last few months, what the prospects for future damage are, and what is likely to be done about it. These fundamental questions have been rather neglected in the recent discussions.

Dark Clouds

That farm prices have been weak and falling for the last several months there is not, of course, the slightest doubt. In August the index of all farm-crop and livestock prices, on its sacred 1910-1914 base, stood at 295; by February it was down to 263. A few products like tobacco, which is sustained by a rigid control of production, and oil seeds, which have been helped by the phenomenal increase in margarine consumption, have been comparatively unaffected. A few more, like wheat, were already resting on price supports before the recent slump began. Otherwise the decline has been general. For some products—cotton and beef cattle in particular—it has been severe.



While the prices farmers receive have been falling, the companion index of prices paid by the farmer has been nearly stable. As a result the relation of farm prices to costs is more unfavorable to the farmer than it has been for years. In November of last year the over-all ratio of prices received to prices and costs paid fell below 100, or full parity, for the first time since the outbreak of the Korean War. By February it was down to 94, the lowest level in a decade.

The fall in farm prices has been passed on to the consumer with remarkable slowness. The prices at the farm of the typical food requirements of an American family were seven per cent lower in the last quarter of 1952 than they were a year earlier. But average retail prices of these products dropped scarcely at all. In the last quarter of 1951 the farmer was getting about fifty cents of each dollar spent by consumers for food; at the end of 1952 he was getting only forty-six cents. Increased marketing costs had prevented consumers, at least for the time being, from benefiting from—and responding to—lower prices at the farm.

In the drought areas of the Southwest last year there was a particularly unhappy combination of bad weather, scarce and expensive feed, and declining livestock prices. In the Mid-

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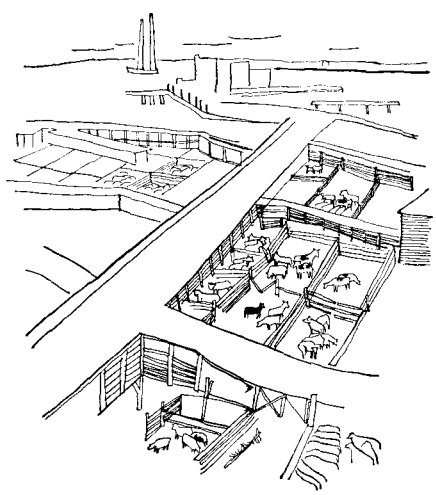
west, cattle feeders stocked expensive cattle for fattening at about the time the market began to break. This year many feeders will sell finished cattle for the same price per head that they paid for them, which means that their labor and corn will return them nothing. In every county there are a few farmers—most of them veterans—who bought high-priced land and equipment after the war. Their equity is thin and some of them are already in trouble.

Silver Linings

It would be a great mistake, however, to conclude from these dreary fragments that American agriculture is on the edge of bankruptcy. On the contrary, it is exceedingly prosperous. The Texas drought made no appreciable dent on total production. Last year's farm output was the highest on record, and most of what was produced was sold before prices began to fall. As a result, net income from farming in 1952 totaled $16.7 billion, which was only a billion less than the year before and more than a billion higher than in 1950. Last year's good returns followed some twelve years of generally good crops and good prices—the longest run of luck American farmers have ever enjoyed. Most farms are well equipped and well stocked, and total mortgage debt is low. (Farmers have, however, been borrowing rather heavily for livestock and equipment and also for automobiles and consumer goods, and there is some concern over this short-term debt, which is at a record high.)

It is no comfort to the G.I. who bought expensive land and equipment to know he is an exception to the general rule of solvency, but he is. Even among the cattle feeders disaster is a good deal less than universal. In the last five years nearly all of them made money. Those who saved, who did not go overboard recently in the hope of a large speculative gain, and who remember that occasional losses used to be taken for granted in this risky enterprise, are both financially and mentally in sound shape. It should be added that cattle feeding, as compared with corn and hog production, is a relatively small business.

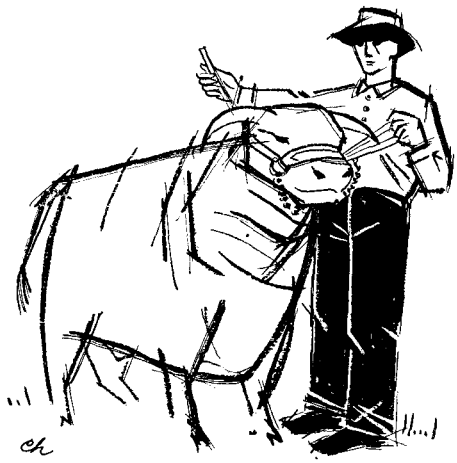


The current suffering is far less over what has happened than over what might happen. Farmers are naturally concerned lest prices continue to fall, and they have some reason to believe that they are now exceptionally vulnerable to a period of low prices.

The Farmer's Dilemma

The high rate of technical progress in recent years has indeed given the farmer a badly exposed flank. Almost without exception new methods of farming mean new cash outlays for production. Things that were formerly provided at home or not used at all must now be purchased. The outstanding instance is mechanical power. Between 1945 and 1952 the tractor population of American farms increased from just under two and a half million to just over four million. The horse and mule population, already long in decline, was reduced by nearly half. When the farmer committed himself to tractor power he committed himself to cash expenditures for gasoline, maintenance, and repairs. Along with the tractor has come a great deal more machinery—the number of grain combines has doubled since 1945, and the number of corn pickers has more than trebled. These too require repairs, maintenance, and occasional replacement. Rural electrification, now all but total in the commercial farming areas, has added further cash outlays.

Falling prices and stable or very slowly falling costs are wholly normal for the farmer in depression or recession. Prices behaved in this fashion in 1920-1921, in the great slump of 1929-1932, and again in the brief



recession of 1948-49. In the economists' language, the terms of trade turn sharply against the farmer in periods of declining demand. This has caused him serious trouble in the past; with many more things to buy, it could cause him far deeper trouble in the future. The knowledge that he has an uncomfortably high and inflexible break-even point goes far to explain the farmer's present preoccupation with support prices. They are the only visible device for giving the prices he gets some of the firmness of those he pays.

In this context it is easy to see how Secretary Benson's statement in St. Paul that he regarded price supports only as a form of "disaster insurance" could have an exceedingly bad effect on agrarian nerves. It was this statement, more than anything Benson has done since taking office, that provoked the furor. Prices would have fallen even if there had been a Democratic landslide last autumn. A big crop, large herds, and the fall in export demand (cotton exports in recent months have been only about half what they were a year ago) are politically neutral causes. Democrats who have blamed the price reduction on Mr. Benson are excused only by the fact that some Republicans have attributed it to imports of New Zealand beef.

Nor would a Democratic Secretary have done much that Mr. Benson has not done to stem the decline. On price-support policy for the six so-called basic commodities—corn, cotton, wheat, tobacco, rice, and peanuts—the Secretary of Agriculture has no discretion. He is required by law to support prices at ninety per cent of

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parity and to continue doing so through 1954. The fact that Mr. Benson may not like the policy makes no difference in the final price.

Because these commodities enjoy the wholly arbitrary designation of "basic," their importance is greatly exaggerated in discussion of farm policy, even by farm leaders themselves. Actually, the "basics" account for only about a third of all farm production. For nonbasics the Secretary does have wide discretionary powers. Here, however, any Secretary is sharply limited by what is politically and technically feasible.

Thus, paradoxically, steps to support the price of beef cattle would be opposed by a majority of beef producers. Beef prices have never been supported, and much as a minority of the producers might like some help now, the ruggedly individualistic majority would almost certainly vote to get along without it.

Bipartisan Butter Problem

For all other perishable products in the program, there is an unsolved problem of what to do with the supplies acquired in the course of price-support operations. To maintain a minimum guaranteed price, the government must be prepared to buy all that is offered at that price. For corn, wheat, and cotton this involves no serious problem. There are no finite limits to the stockpiles that can be built up or to the time over which they can be held.

WHAT IS PARITY?

"If a man could take a bushel of corn to town in 1912 and sell it and buy him a shirt, he should be able to take a bushel of corn to town today and buy a shirt."

—A cattle raiser interviewed on Edward R. Murrow's CBS-TV program "See It Now"

But dairy products, meats, and eggs soon consume their value in storage charges and deteriorate besides. Former Secretary Brannan, though far from allergic to price supports, steadily resisted any suggestion that they be applied to hogs—a periodic candidate for assistance. The consequence, he argued, would be only to load the Commodity Credit Corporation with a great deal of pork which would soon become remarkably inedible. Butter can get equally rancid whether stored under Democratic or Republican auspices. And so with other perishables. Since the Brannan Plan was rejected, no progress whatever has been made in solving the problem of what to do with government inventories of these products.

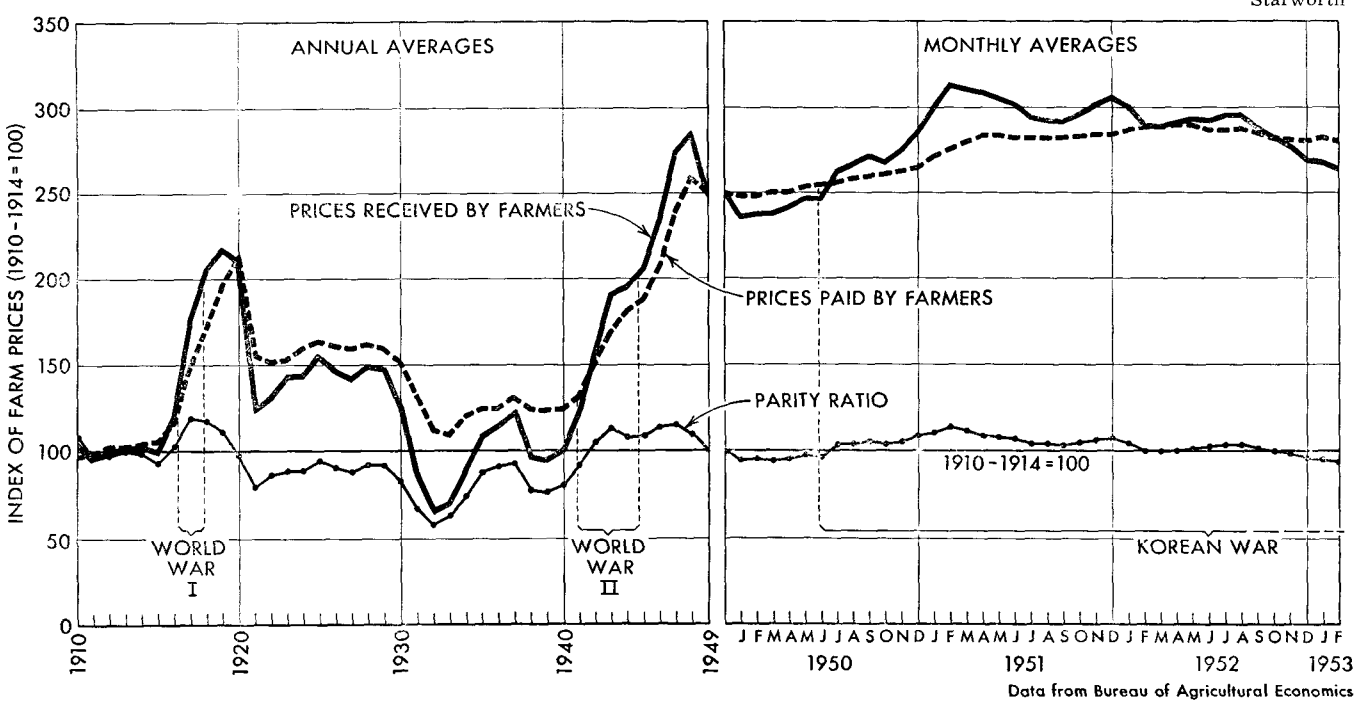
From all this it would be easy to conclude that Secretary Benson has been merely the victim of bad luck, that his only mistake was in taking office at the wrong time. There is, however, one difference between his policy and that of his predecessors, and it is an important one.

For the first time in a good many years, farm policy is being viewed in Washington as a matter of conflicting ideologies—the radical price-fixing policies of the Democrats versus the conservative alternative of the free market or something like it. This notion of a choice is new. It is also probably wrong.

IDEOLOGY played a remarkably small role in the farm programs of the New and Fair Deals. Even when Henry Wallace was Secretary, these programs were worked out, in the main, by stalwart conservatives whose aim was to make a tolerable compromise with circumstances. The most urgent of the circumstances was the tendency of farm prices to move with greater violence than other prices, thus punishing the farmer with particular severity when depression threatens. Plainly, this circumstance still rules. Plainly also, it causes farmers to want a strong price-support policy. It is this desire, not some idle preference for

Farm Income and Outgo—Before Korea and After

Starworth



Data from Bureau of Agricultural Economics

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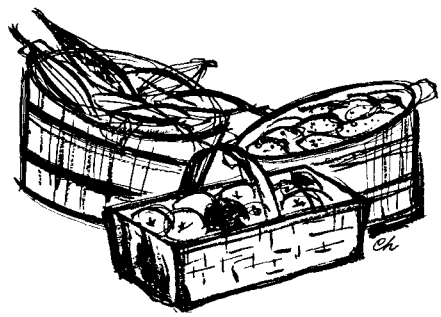
"planning," that the Administration is challenging.

There is a good chance that the Administration will soon realize that it is grappling with fact, not theory. Perhaps it has already done so. On February 27 the Department of Agriculture announced that price supports for butter, previously scheduled for a sharp reduction on April 1, would be extended for another twelve months at ninety per cent of parity. Under these supports the government had been buying butter at the rate of a million pounds a day. This butter is a highly dubious asset; for Mr. Benson it could easily become what potatoes were for Mr. Brannan—or worse. But butter is also the peg on which the whole dairy price structure depends. When the question of pulling the peg arose, it simply couldn't be faced. Circumstances took command.



All this is to suggest that farm policy is due for a far less dramatic change than most people think or even than the new Secretary may have led farmers to fear. There is certain to be a renewed interest in the so-called flexible supports which Secretary Benson is known to favor. Under this plan, which was enacted by the Eightieth Congress but which has never gone into effect, support prices for the "basics" would change with the size of the prospective supply. They would be high if supplies promised to be short; they would drop in accordance with a sliding scale as surpluses accumulated. But even this would be a change within the present framework. And Congress could easily put a floor under the downward flexing that would provide much the same supports as now.

Anyone who wishes luck for the new Administration—and for the country—will hope that some way can be found for using perishable surpluses as well as buying them, and there are other refinements that may be expected, or at least hoped for. But the trouble with gaining public office these days—agriculture in this respect is like the big budget and the stalemate in Korea—is that alternatives to inelegant or uninspired policies have a way of turning out to be more unpalatable than those they replace.

A Town By Any Other Name . . .

Less Truth, More Consequences

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

THREE YEARS ago, Hot Springs, New Mexico, a sunny spot in the Rio Grande Valley 152 miles south of Albuquerque, was notable only for its long string of motor courts and for mineral baths that made it a welcome winter haven for arthritics and rheumatics who couldn't afford tonier health centers like White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, or Hot Springs, Arkansas. Today, a few hundred new permanent residents have raised the town's population to about five thousand, and half a dozen new motels have increased its total of such establishments to 136. The town has changed markedly in only one essential: It is now officially named Truth or Consequences, or, as New Mexico road signs designate it, "Truth or C."

The change was not entirely without precedent. In 1949, the producers of a radio stunt program had persuaded a small Southern town to change its name from Mountain to Molehill. With this inspiration, the brain trust behind Ralph Edwards's radio show, "Truth or Consequences," was off and running. On April 1, 1950, it seemed, the show would complete its tenth year under the sponsorship of Procter & Gamble ("DUZ does everything"). An anniversary broadcast from a town rechristened Truth or Consequences was deemed a fitting tribute to its then high Hooper rating. Richard Gottlieb, one of the producers, who had once worked for a radio station in Santa Fe, New Mexico, suggested Hot Springs, and when a mid-March telephone call to the local Chamber of Commerce evoked interest, the project was under way.

In return for changing its name, Hot Springs was to receive "millions of dollars' worth" of free radio advertising annually. As Master of Ceremonies Edwards himself explained it to the city fathers: "With the great resources of this town and the advertising facilities of the radio program, there is no reason to doubt that this town will become the greatest health resort in the entire nation."

The Voters Speak

On March 31, 1950, less than two weeks after the original telephone call, the people of Hot Springs trooped to the polls. By a vote of 1294 to 295, or more than four to one, Hot Springs became Truth or Consequences. The next day, Saturday, Edwards, just under the wire, made his anniversary broadcast from his "adopted home."

In the attendant ceremonies, every

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local person of influence was given official recognition. Edwards placed the Women's Club in charge of the Truth or Consequences Museum of Relics (to be gathered from various radio-show stunts) and presented the Club with a seventy-two-piece sterling silver set. Roy Stovall, a wealthy retired rancher, was made public-relations director for the new town. Other honorific designations went to State Senator Burton Roach, co-owner of local radio station KCHS, and to the publishers of the town's two weekly newspapers.

On his radio show, Edwards interviewed four local ministers of different denominations. Father Burgmeier, of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, subsequently told his parishioners that Edwards's offer was an act of Providence, since it gave the town an opportunity to help humanity. By the time Edwards had left town, the name Truth or Consequences had the full support of every local molder of public opinion. The day after his departure, Edwards wired, "You will always be in our hearts and on our tongues."

He was almost as good as his word. For eighteen consecutive broadcasts thereafter, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, was worth at least a few lines. Since then Edwards has not only continued to mention the town regularly, but has also conceived various stunts to draw additional attention to it. One radio contestant who failed to tell the truth had to drive a golf ball from Los Angeles to Truth or Consequences. Another had to hail a taxi in Los Angeles and tell the driver to take him to Truth or Consequences. This year, for his fourth annual broadcast from Truth or Consequences, Edwards has announced that he plans to have some unlucky contestant hitch-hike from New York to Truth or Consequences with a skunk—"deodorized [chuckle], of course"—on a leash.

THERE has been only one thing to disquiet Edwards's boosters in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico—the slipping popularity of the town's parent show. Actually, in June, 1950, just two months after the name change, the "Truth or Consequences" show went off the air and its contract was dropped by Procter & Gamble. In September, 1950, however, it showed up on both radio and television with a new sponsor, Philip Morris. Philip Morris, in turn, canceled its contract in May, 1951, due to a low audience rating. From then until June, 1952, the show was off the air. Just when the downhill trend was beginning to look like a landslide to the people of Truth or Consequences, Pet Milk picked up the program as a summer radio replacement and was sufficiently satisfied to continue the show through the winter months. But its audience rating remains far below what it once was.

'Twelve Good Funerals'

Although the town authorities have seen to it that the name Hot Springs will always be available by renaming Williamsburg, a community just south of town, the Village of Hot Springs, thereby reserving the name within the State of New Mexico, they consider the declining popularity of the radio show something to be deplored but certainly nothing to turn traitor over.

In the office of the weekly *Herald*, publisher Paul D. Tooley refuses to see his hero maligned. "Ralph Edwards is an unusual type. Doesn't smoke or drink, and wherever the family is on Sunday, they'll all be in the local Methodist church. He's given us more advertising than we had any reason to hope for.

"These other New Mexico newspapers that ridicule the name Truth or Consequences," Tooley went on, "are just jealous. And as for the stuffy local people who don't like the new name, why, all this town needs is twelve good funerals and twelve good fires. Then we could really start moving."

Tooley's *Herald* has said, "Basically, the name change is being fought by a group of older persons. . . . Many of these eventually settled here for their remaining years, and being set in their ways, violently oppose change of any radical sort."

OLD-FASHIONED or not, many people in Truth or Consequences have little or no use for the new name. After the original vote on March 31, 1950, attorney Douglass K. FitzHugh, leading the opposition forces, sought to have the vote set aside on the ground of insufficient prior notice to voters. Although the *Herald* sniped at FitzHugh for bringing "nuisance suits," the local district court ruled that the election was in fact illegal. Another election was promptly scheduled for November 7, and Truth or Consequences again won out over Hot Springs, 1,262 to 732. FitzHugh drew what solace he could from the fact that the winning name received thirty-two fewer votes than it had in March, while the opposition increased by 437.

Otto Goetz, another leader of the opposition, who helped pick the name Hot Springs when the town was incorporated in 1916, founded a Hot Springs Club, dedicated to restoring the old name and composed of registered voters only. Within a few months, the club had 980 members. After Goetz's death last year, FitzHugh took the club's charter and the list of signatures to the city coun-

The bountiful Ralph Edwards

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cil to support his plea for another election. The council members refused to act.

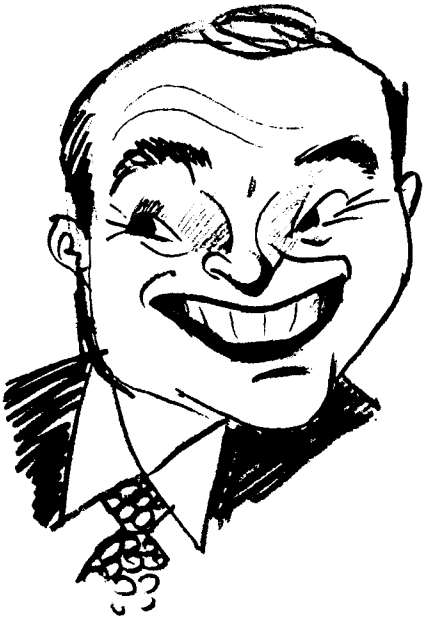
The Implacable Colonel

At least one prominent citizen, Colonel John P. Welch, has refused to recognize the legality of the new name. When the retired officer and his wife went to Europe last summer, they insisted that their passports read "Hot Springs": "We weren't going to have all those officials giggling at us when they saw 'Truth or Consequences.'"

The Colonel, who after retiring to Hot Springs took to newspaper work as a stringer for the Associated Press and as an anonymous columnist for Tooley's *Herald*, is a leading authority on the Truth or Consequences issue. When the name was first suggested he had the audacity to ask, in his *Herald* column, what would happen if the Edwards show should ever die. Tooley took exception to such a thought, and the Colonel no longer writes for the *Herald*.

For the Associated Press, however, the Colonel continued to study the effects of the Truth or Consequences stunt. As Colonel Welch recalls, the original Edwards broadcast from Truth or Consequences on April 1, 1950, netted $7,300 for the Chamber of Commerce, which received all profits from the sale of tickets to the broadcast. In 1951, the Ralph Edwards program was also on television, and Edwards offered to do the show on film from Truth or Consequences, provided the Chamber of Commerce would pay the $6,800 over normal Hollywood production costs such a project would cost. The Chamber agreed, and also decided to underwrite a fiesta to be staged in conjunction with the annual Edwards pilgrimage. Unfortunately, ticket sales to the broadcast netted only $3,800, and the fiesta lost $2,800. The Chamber was left with a net profit of $1,000 and a debt of $6,800 for extra production costs. In these dire circumstances, the Truth or Consequences city council met and voted to give the Chamber $3,400 in tax funds—a decision never reported in either of the local newspapers. The Chamber went in the hole $2,400—which Edwards paid.

Other Edwards ideas have also soured, Colonel Welch reports. "For instance, there was the million-dollar hospital Edwards was going to build here with receipts from the 'Grandma Hush' contest in the spring of 1951. You don't see any signs of such a hospital today. The whole thing has been hushed up, just like Grandma. And then there's the Truth or Consequences Museum of Relics,



which cost the city $7,000 or $8,000 to build. All Edwards ever sent was a few pictures of himself and an elephant blanket. After the building had lain idle for over a year, we finally persuaded the city to move their library into it."

As for the free radio advertising Edwards has given the city of Truth or Consequences, Colonel Welch cites figures to disprove the claim of Tooley and others that the advertising "pays off in more local business each year." The Colonel points out that building permits in 1952 totaled only $220,000, plus $80,000 for a new city hall. In the first three months of 1950, when the city was still Hot Springs, the rate of private building was $492,000 a year. "The town had to reduce liquor licenses in 1951 because the owners were going broke. And look at the empty stores around town. The Holland Shop, the best women's store in the whole area, had to fold up about a year ago."

There are many who, like Colonel Welch, believe that whatever growth the town has enjoyed is due not to the name Truth or Consequences nor the attendant publicity, but to a local citizen named Mrs. Magnolia Ellis.

'The Nerves, Not the Muscles'

Mrs. Ellis is widely known as a "magnetic healer." When I went to see her, I found the parking lot in front of her modest establishment jammed with cars from seven states. Inside, the waiting room was filled with people, most of them old, all of them fingering numbered cards similar to those used at meat counters, which marked their turn in line.

Mrs. Ellis, who treats almost four hundred customers a day, managed to give me a moment between patients. She was a big, dark woman, clad in jodhpurs and a yellow blouse, her thick black hair escaping from a net. "The magnetic massage," she explained, dashing alcohol on her hands, "is done lightly, with the fingertips. I work on the nerves, not the muscles. It relaxes the patient."

Her feelings on the name Truth or Consequences were mixed. "I've got used to writing 'T or C' on letters, and it's a lot shorter than writing 'Hot Springs,' but I still like the old name. It certainly had more charm.

"My customers' reaction is a lot stronger. I can't recall a single one who came here because of the name or radio publicity—most all have been sent by friends who I've treated. And most of them would be a lot happier back home saying they'd been to Hot Springs for a cure than to some place called Truth or Consequences."

WHATEVER the individual sentiments, however, all inhabitants agree that Truth or Consequences has not made much progress toward becoming "the greatest health resort in the entire nation," as Edwards predicted. Even Paul Tooley admits there is a long way to go. He and his friends know that sentiment against the name Truth or Consequences is growing. "We'll have to have a vote some time," Tooley says. "But we figure to hold the election right after the Edwards fiesta this April. That way, everybody will be feeling good about the name again."

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Chocoletto

A Korean war orphan joins the Marines

PETER LINDEN

THEY FOUND him in Inchon among the rubble of what had been his home. His mother was lying dead and he was crying. This was the only time they ever saw him cry.

By Korean standards the house had been a good one. That was why the North Koreans had marched his father away and perhaps why, on the sixteenth day of September, 1950, with Inchon in flames and the great gray ships waiting out at sea, two excited little men in mustard-colored uniforms had chosen the house as the site for their machine gun.

They had kept his mother there to feed them ammunition, but to their credit they had made the youngster go down to the pit where the family kept rice. When the first American Marines appeared, the North Koreans had fired about thirty rounds, killing a young lieutenant just out of college and splintering a bone in the right leg of an ex-coal miner from Illinois.

It had taken three rounds from a rocket launcher to silence the North Korean machine guns, and one of the rounds had torn the woman nearly in half. Then, slowly and cautiously, the men in green had moved forward and found the boy. The blast had dazed him, but except for a couple of cuts he was unhurt.

He came out of the pit just as the first two Marines were picking their way in through the wreckage, and one of them, startled, almost fired point-blank. When the boy saw his mother's body, he went to it, crying and shaking his little fists at the big men. The Marine who had almost fired at the boy tried hard but could not keep from vomiting.

A Navy corpsman pulled the boy away from the corpse and daubed his cuts with Mercurochrome. After a while the corpsman produced a half-melted candy bar. "Chocoletto?" he asked. The boy at first refused the candy, but then he took it and ate it hungrily. It was not that he forgot his mother but rather that he had not eaten for two days. So for no greater reason than that, he was called "Chocoletto."

MORE Marines arrived. The tanks and the generals, the guns and the privates poured ashore. The First Marine Division—a few cops on the longest and toughest beat in the world—was driving to capture Seoul.

The corpsman had to leave but he had a buddy who was attached to the

Amphibian Tractors. Before the infantry pushed on, he managed to take Chocoletto to his buddy. The boy was adopted by one of the companies.

The tide of war swept on. The Marines fought their way through the houses of blazing Seoul. When the rest of the Eighth Army managed to break out of its beachhead and link up, the Marines were pulled back aboard ship and sent around the peninsula to deliver what was supposed to be a knockout blow to the North Koreans with another landing at the east-coast port of Wonsan.

Chocoletto was fortunate in that his company did not stay with the main body of the division but was moved to the south-coast port of Masan to form part of an amphibious raiding force. It was because of this that he did not have to go through the retreat from the Chang-jin Reservoir.

The first month that he was with the Marines he was very quiet. He was baffled by the sudden and complete change in his life. Then slowly he began to change. He started to learn a few words of English and to make friends with the troops. He liked the movies and learned to whistle when a pretty girl came on the screen.

NEARLY everybody guessed that he was a bright six-year-old. Even making allowances for the smallness of the Koreans, he was tiny. When he announced one day that he was thirteen, nobody believed him. But a few weeks later in Masan some refugees who had known him in Inchon confirmed that he was Korean thirteen, or stateside twelve.

Some of the Marines thought he was lazy. They thought that he was eating too much and dogging his work. Finally he was taken to a Navy doctor, who quickly discovered that he was not lazy but sick, suffering from an almost incurable kidney ailment.

Chocoletto had frequent sick spells, but by and large he seemed

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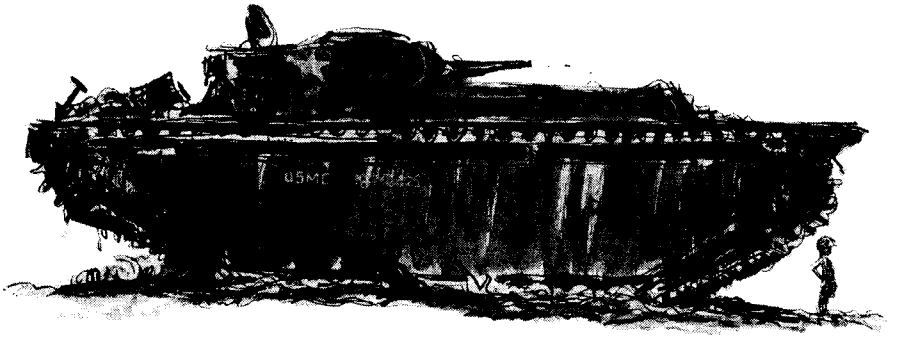
pretty healthy. He soon became a character. He would watch the Marines drilling and would then round up the other Korean houseboys and drill them in turn. In the privacy of the tents he would give amazingly accurate imitations of some snarling lieutenant or tough top sergeant.

His prowess on the drill field even caught the Colonel's eye, and at a formal ceremony he was made an honorary private lowest class, U.S.M.C. He was told that this put him above an Army major or an Air Force general, but he was urged not to pull rank.

One of the Marines had written to his family about Chocoletto, and in time there came a package containing two authentic Hopalong Cassidy six-shooters, a pair of high Texas boots, and a Mexican sombrero. In these and his cut-down dungarees, he was a dashing figure and the envy of every kid in Masan.

Perhaps his two major achievements were his amazingly quick acquisition of a vocabulary that made even Navy butchers blush and a miraculous mastery of the little ivories. Every payday saw Chocoletto challenging the old masters and pretty regularly coming out on top, thanks to his superior vocabulary.



Before long he had a bank roll that would choke a horse.

He was sneaked aboard a transport for one of the raids that the Marines made on the North Korean rear, and this nearly proved his undoing: He was thrown into a Navy brig when he was discovered. This might not have happened if he had not castigated the Captain as a "goddamn swabbie," when the latter refused to let him go ashore with the raiders. He borrowed a beret from one of the British Royal Marine Commandos who were in on the raid, and they say he even acquired a British accent for a few days, but many of his friends deny this.

In the spring of 1951, the Eighth Army managed to push the Communists back to the 38th Parallel in a series of "Killer" offensives. Chocoletto's outfit—as it was now called by a lot of people—moved back to Inchon. It first had the mission of evacuating the left flank of the Army if the Chinese should manage to mount another great offensive. The Marines were inactive for quite a long period, waiting for this emergency call which fortunately never came.

FINALLY they were committed to battle again. Just above Seoul lies the Kimpo Peninsula and to the west a group of small islands. South Korean guerrillas commanded by Army paratroopers held the islands. A task force was organized from Armored Amphibians, Amphibians, Korean Marines, and a ROK Army battalion to take over the defense of the mainland.

When they moved up to the front the Marines had tried to leave Chocoletto behind with the rear party in his native Inchon. He meekly promised to obey and made a surprisingly quiet farewell. Two days later he appeared at the forward command post, having tramped the thirty-odd miles on foot. Nobody thought of sending him back.

He was invaluable. Nearly every man was needed on the guns or in the forward outposts. Chocoletto took the lead in rounding up enough of the local inhabitants to do all the noncombat work and to handle all the ammunition and supplies. In a week the Major gave the twelve-year-old another promotion, and he was now a fullfledged private.

He got his next two stripes rapidly. The enemy guerrillas in the area were pretty quiet, but they were still there. By some devious method Chocoletto learned that the enemy was planning a series of raids on a big airfield in the neighborhood for the night of a Korean holiday.

It would have been pleasant, with this information, to wait for the attack and then clip them. But the risk could not be taken because there were too many valuable planes at the airfield. The Marines had to shift reinforcements ostentatiously into the airfield area. The guerrillas took the hint and confined themselves to shooting their weapons from a great distance and setting off flares. They did no damage at all.

This was the beginning of Chocoletto's career as an intelligence man. It received a great boost and he made a second stripe when the regular interpreter stepped into a Korean latrine and had to be moved away from contact with mankind for several days.

The Korean winter was stark and bleak. Whenever the men brought back their tractors and tanks to refuel they found Chocoletto at the C.P., which was as far forward as the Major would let him go. Although he most certainly cannot be said to have reminded them of their own kids, or of anything else back home, the men always looked forward to seeing him.

THE snow finally began to melt, and the Korean earth again began to give out its unforgettable aromas. About this time the powers that be realized what a good job the Marines were doing. Then came the visitors.

The Army started to send a steady stream of gorgeously bedecked staff officers up from Seoul. Fighting the enemy became a secondary function.

At this time Chocoletto averted a serious crisis. There was a certain one-star general who shall only be referred to as "Iron Pants." Iron Pants had a complete command of military tactics as employed during the Revolution and that was all. He possessed an unshakable conviction that the only way to fire artillery was by salvo.

The Marines usually kept a sentry down the road to warn them about

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intruders such as this, but one fine day Iron Pants arrived without warning. He was almost upon the C.P. when the guns began to pop off with their usual deadly accuracy but very decidedly not in salvos. The General turned a deep red and then a gorgeous purple and stormed up the draw that led to the Major. Chocoletto had seen him coming, however, and raced up to the Major crying "Steeltail! Steeltail!" Fortunately Iron Pants was famous enough for the Major to guess immediately who it was. He signaled the man at fire control to order a cease-fire.

Iron Pants came to the point quickly. "Do you Marines ever obey orders?" he grated out.

"Why, yes, sir," replied the Major with an air of vast bewilderment. Iron Pants could barely squeeze the word "salvos" from his trembling lips.

"But did the General count the guns that were fired?" asked the Major. The General was a little startled at this and allowed that he had not.

"If the General had counted the guns, he would have found that we were firing a thirteen-gun salute in his honor."

Nobody knew whether to cheer or pray. Iron Pants swallowed, then turned briskly on his heel and started back to Seoul. For his timely warning Chocoletto was promoted from corporal to sergeant.

On one other occasion his success was not so great. A ramshackle hut near the C.P. served as an officers' mess. It was decorated with an extensive collection of pin-up girls, both American and Japanese.

One evening as the officers were arriving for dinner, Chocoletto came up to meet them. He announced piously that "Number One Chaplain" had arrived. The reverent tone seemed strange, since Chocoletto and the Navy Chaplain had not generally been considered buddies, mostly because of the different uses they made of the Lord's name.

Just as the officers neared the hut, the door opened. Out stepped not the Navy Chaplain but one of the most distinguished-looking clerics ever seen anywhere—especially in Korea. He introduced himself as the Anglican Bishop of Korea. Every-

body immediately thought of the pin-ups with terror. Since it was far too late to do anything about it, all that remained was to go in the hut and suffer.

Then Chocoletto's stock went skyhigh. He had thrown maps over all the young ladies. The only photographs visible were of adoring wives and children or faithful cocker spaniels. The evening passed agreeably, and the officers all found the Bishop very easy to get along with.

The next morning, as he was leaving, the Bishop remarked, "You know, if you chaps really think Miss Monroe should be covered up, you should put your maps right side up."

As the spring wore on, Chocoletto began to get his sick spells more often. It was clear that he would have to be operated on if he was to survive the summer. The Major took him aside one day and told him the whole story. The boy listened without saying a word. Finally he said, "Let's go, Major."

He was sent to the big Army hospital in Uijongbu outside Seoul with a rocker under his three stripes for added prestige. But he was not an unlimited success there. Somehow or other in his association with the Marine Corps he had acquired a lot of uncomplimentary opinions about the United States Army.

First word that anything was wrong came in a tersely worded communiqué from the hospital. It read "Staff Sergeant Chocoletto USMC is as of 24 March reduced to the rank of Corporal. (signed) Florence P. Hanks, Captain, USANC."

A week later one of the Marine supply sergeants managed to get in to see him. He seemed reluctant to sit up in bed. The Sergeant tried to find out what was wrong but for a long time could not elicit any answer. Finally Chocoletto pulled out a pajamaed arm and said simply, "Look." On it was the solitary chevron of a private first class.

Chocoletto did not volunteer any information, but he was the only one who was silent on his activities. He had apparently reacted badly to Army discipline. He had questioned the ancestry of several nurses back to the third and fourth generation.

He routed several well-intentioned females in this fashion until he finally met his match in Captain Hanks. The Captain was a redoubtable lady who gave every indication of having tangled with quite a few leathernecks in days well gone by. She managed to quell this one decisively.

Chocoletto mellowed somewhat while under this female care. He lost a little of his saltiness and even learned to finish a sentence without using any profanity or obscenity, but on payday his dice still clicked and his bank roll continued to grow.

In April he went aboard the Danish hospital ship *Jutlandia* outside Inchon harbor, and the surgeons decided to operate immediately. They discovered that his organs were in very bad shape. The operation undoubtedly prolonged his life, but complete recovery was not possible. Nobody told Chocoletto the details, but he was too smart not to understand. The Danes put him back ashore loaded down with presents.

The Major had worked out a deal with a guard detachment in Japan to have Chocoletto sent over there, but the boy would have nothing to do with it. Instead of spending the rest of his short life enjoying a few of the comforts that most children take for granted, he preferred to return to the front to share the dangers and privations of the only friends he had.

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A Reverie of Revenge

BILL MAULDIN

THE AGENT who sells my stuff told me a publishing house in Prague owed me eight hundred dollars for a book of mine they translated into Czech five or six years ago. The book has now been banned, which I don't mind so much, but they've frozen my money, and that hurts. It haunted me until I went to sleep one night determined to go over there and see if I could collect.

I was met at the fence by a portly sentry of the Home Guard type.

"I have business in Prague," I said respectfully.

"Not so fast!" the sentry roared. "What is your political background, to say nothing of your ancestry, your religion, and your moral leanings? Do you lust after women?"

"Well, I'm a Democrat," I said.

"Large or small 'D'?" he demanded, pulling out a twelve-foot form in triplicate and making check marks on it.

"I couldn't say, offhand," I replied. "Now, about women, I will confess that I am an ankle ogler. Some men ogle bosoms, but I . . ."

"You are evading ancestry," the sentry charged. "That is important here, and I insist you answer all my questions. I am the keeper of the gate, and we're going to keep blood lines pure in this country or my name isn't McCarranovitch."

"YOU talk pretty high and mighty for a crummy immigrant yourself," said a plainclothes MVD man who had strolled up. "Don't let him give you any lip," the detective said to me. "He never had it so good before his folks landed in this country, and now he doesn't want anybody else to share it."

The MVD man had mascaraed eyelashes set off by a five-o'clock shadow, but his manner was affable. His name was McCarthski.

"We could use you," he leered at me.

" 'An iron curtain is only as strong as its weakest link,' " the gatekeeper recited from his twelve-foot form. "McCarthski, you'd let any kind of riffraff in if they looked like a good purge witness."

"Look," said McCarthski, "he's a brand-new face. We need new faces."

"You're up to your chin with informers," said McCarranovitch. "Why break in new ones? This schnook can't even spell 'democrat.' "

"You get tired of the same old people pointing out the same old people," said the MVD man. "Maybe this man knows some fresh ones."

"I don't know anybody in Prague," I said. "Once I met Jan Masaryk at a Book and Author Luncheon, but I understand he's deceased now."

"See?" said the gatekeeper. "Profanity."

"Tell you what," said McCarthski, taking a chew from a packet labeled "People's Opium," "we'll hold a hearing. Whether you get in or not depends on whether we rate you as a 'friendly' witness or a 'hostile' witness. I see you got no lawyer with you. That's a point in your favor already. First question: What other capitalist imperialist spies besides yourself do you know who had a hand in sabotaging a shipload of wolfram bound for the Chinese Nationalists when you knew the People's Republic would triumph in time to receive the shipment and if you didn't know it why didn't you report immediately that your contact had been picked up by the FBI?"

"Yes," I said simply, in a low voice, eyes downcast.

"Attaboy," said McCarthski, "I love those short and concise answers. Point out the culprit."

AS IF at a signal a truck pulled up behind the barbed wire with two heavily armed soldiers guarding a load of assorted Prague businessmen. I recognized my publisher immediately by the purple bow tie and red carnation I had been told he always wore.

"There's your man," I said to McCarthski.

Serves the son of a bitch right, I muttered to myself as I strode rapidly away so I wouldn't hear the screams. If he hadn't owed me money it wouldn't have happened.

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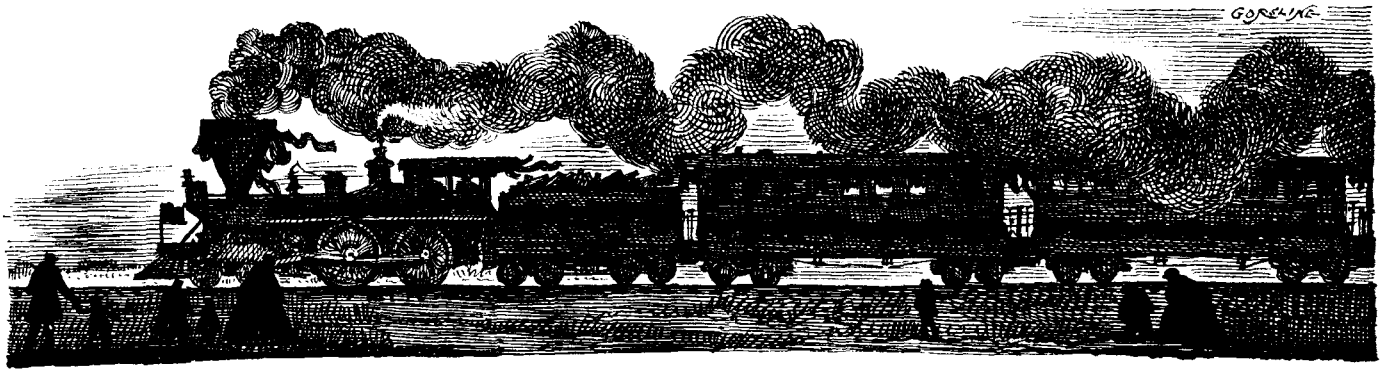

Abraham Lincoln Through the Picture Tube

MEYER LEVIN

HAD the Ford Foundation's ambitious television program "Omnibus" served only for the creation of its recent series of films on Abraham Lincoln, it would have fulfilled its mission. For with the presentation of the last of the five episodes, the Lincoln series emerges, to this viewer at least, as the most original and important work so far created for video.

James Agee has written the series largely as a personally addressed Passion play. He has understood Lincoln as a kind of American saint, and told of the death, the birth, and the early life of this martyr in episodes that have the suggestiveness and the lucidity found only in parable. At the same time through intimate psychological effects he has achieved, here and there, a remarkable kind of confessional participation.

The long opening of the film, dwelling in reverent detail upon the circumstances of Lincoln's death, and then returning by means of the poetic funeral-train sequence to the scene of his birth, makes the viewer a participating witness of the death and birth of the hero. But it is a natural hero whom Royal Dano plays, an earthy being whose struggle is to find himself, to assert against the violence of life in his pioneer surroundings his own passionate love for all that lives: his own tenderness.

Because this person has already been identified to us as a martyr and saint, the dramatist can give himself to an evangelistic examination of what might otherwise seem to be trifling episodes. Thus, he can include something so seemingly inconsequential as the scene in which Lincoln upbraids his schoolfellows for maltreating a turtle. It is notable that Agee uses this episode not to underline a preachment but to illustrate the force of character in a boy that causes him to declare thoughts that are not in accord with the common view. The camera does not stay on the faces of the listeners but follows Abe as he walks away from them, probably feeling foolish, dismayed, a misfit, and alone.

THOUGH the fundamentally religious mood of the work is constant, the style fluctuates. One feels that the makers have grasped something great, and they wrangle it, sometimes stumbling, sometimes being dragged on the ground, sometimes riding it proudly. What begins in the coldly classical manner of a documentary film becomes, by the fifth episode, a fiercely revelatory analysis.

The first episode contains the moment when the narrator, at Lincoln's deathbed, meticulously enumerates the names of the physicians: "Surgeon-General Barnes put his finger to the carotid artery, Dr. Taft put his hand over the heart, Dr. Leale held the wrist. . . ." But by the fifth episode we are no longer observing; we are living within the experience. Lincoln, after the death of Anne Rutledge, tears out of himself the confession that he feels he has brought on her death. All whom he loved—his mother, his sister, and now Anne—have died.

"Abe, you ain't no witch!" cries his good friend Jack Armstrong.

"I don't need to be. I'm in cahoots with fate." It was his own cold ambition, Lincoln says, that kept him from marrying Anne. For he had felt that marriage might hold him back in his career.

Every man, Jack tells him in the presence of his own wife, every man feels that last terrible hesitation before marriage.

"Did you ever hope she would die?" cries the agonized Lincoln. "I did. In my mind's eye, I saw her dead. And at first I didn't feel sorrow. I felt free."

The scene is a daring one, portraying Lincoln in terms obviously borrowed from modern psychiatry. But

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more important, it typifies the sense of intimacy and immediacy which distinguish the Lincoln series at its best as the sort of work that is meant for television at its best.

Whispering, Confessing

Unfortunately, the series has not been shown to maximum advantage. Having gone all-out in the production of the work, the masters of "Omnibus" failed to follow through in their presentation; instead of being shown on consecutive weeks for maximum cumulative effect, the episodes have been scattered over several months. Were there a plethora of urgent and good items on "Omnibus," one might understand such spacing, but since much of the program's time has been used for trifles, one wonders at the holding back of something that is really outstanding.

I have had the advantage of seeing the material for a second time, screened consecutively. In addition to the immense gain through continuous viewing, there was the added advantage of the size and clarity of motion-picture projection.

The concept behind this video film is already different from what is found in films made for movie theaters. Here, the sense is more intimate, as it should be for the video frame. This intimacy should be felt all the way through in a television production, from the choice of material and the point of view of the writing to the composition of each scene and the physical handling of each shot in each scene. Basically, a movie film is a formal show. The moviegoer has displaced himelf; he is a spectator. But the television viewer is at home or in some other informal surroundings. He can be closely approached, talked to person-to-person, whispered to, confessed to.

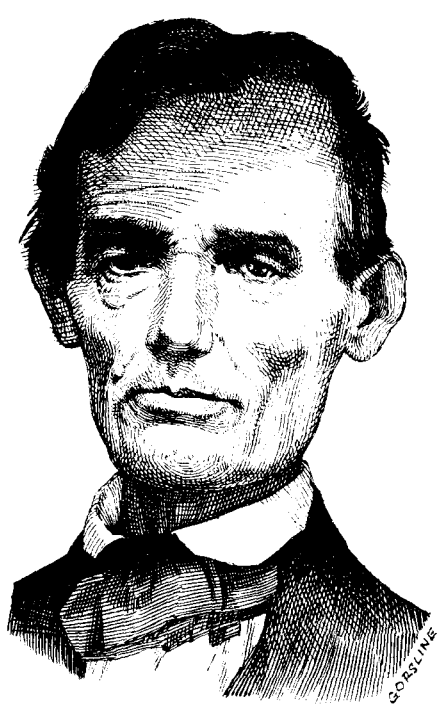
Richard de Rochemont, the producer, and James Agee have begun to grasp this difference; and the director, Norman Lloyd, has sometimes succeeded in projecting this intimacy on the TV screen.

They must also have had in mind that a shorter version of the film might some day be shown in movie theaters. In this sense, the Lincoln story may provide a reversal of the usual procedure. Instead of being a movie film squeezed into a television frame, it is a television film that can find itself in movie halls. If that happens, it is my guess that it will be successful only in the smaller houses.

The director of the Ford Foundation's television-radio workshop, Robert Saudek, as well as the executive producer of "Omnibus," Franklin Heller, must be congratulated on the guidance of this series. Richard de Rochemont was undoubtedly the right choice as producer. But one feels that the personality expressed is that of James Agee.

He is a work-shirt type of writer, and he talks about his "show" with something like a mechanic's enthusiasm for the way intricate machines are put together. Like many artists, Agee responds to appreciation by immediately launching into a description of how certain scenes could have come out better. He uses the film maker's gestures, framing shots with his fingers, contorting himself to demonstrate angles.

There is, for example, the coffin-train sequence, already regarded as classic. Agee still feels that certain shots are missing, among them the opening shot he wanted—low on the tracks, tilting up slowly to the face of the engine. And the build-up of scenes as the train passed through the countryside, he thinks, should have been a few minutes longer, to make the sequence overpowering.



Grave and beautiful as it is, to my mind, the train sequence reveals a self-conscious artistry that dissolves away in the later and more human phases of the picture. The train puffs slowly across the grainlands, sometimes half-hidden in grain, and a lone plowman takes off his hat; it emerges into a clearing, and a wayside family group watches after it when it has passed; in the night, faces come to the window, with flambeaux, and at a stopping place the work-worn hand of a Negro woman places a blossom on the coffin. The commentary says, ". . . coffin that slowly passes, I give you my sprig of lilac." To the most mournful of all sounds, the train whistle, Whitman's mournful words are added: ". . . night and day journeys a coffin . . . passing the yellow-speared wheat . . . with dirges through the night . . . and the show of the states themselves as of crape-veiled women standing."

In the episode stressing Lincoln's attachment to his mother, I still sense a certain self-consciousness. But with the trek to Indiana, Agee is completely into his material, and there is rarely a jarring note. When, in the third episode, he summons the ghosts of the Lincolns to tell what sort of a person Abe was, the device seems completely appropriate, and the familiarity of the ghosts seems peculiarly right for television. Lincoln himself steps in, the Presidential Lincoln, to tell his father it wasn't true that he disliked him.

And casually, Lincoln speaks of the legends about himself. "Most of them are too good. I wasn't so very good." He relates his raw joke on the Grisby boys for not inviting him to their double wedding: the story he gave out that the brides and grooms got mixed up on that wedding night.

When bantam Bill Grisby appears, to fight Abe for this slander, the huge hulking Abe, allowing that such a fight would be unfair, appoints his little stepbrother to fight Grisby. He goads them on, and only when the gouging and kicking get serious does he end the combat by dousing them with a pail of water.

"Well, howdya like Abraham Lincoln in that little fracas?" asks the

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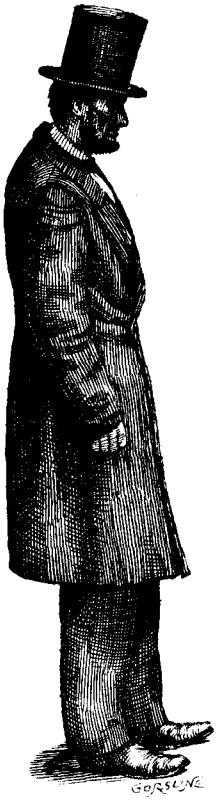

shade. "It took me hours to wrestle it out. Was I right, or wrong? I was wrong and shamefully wrong." But from it, he tells us, he learned the lesson that right and wrong are fearfully entangled in every human event.

From here on, the probing, brooding nature of the work comes to flower. But always there are the broad touches of folk humor, like the barnyard braying heard while Lincoln is making his very first campaign speech: "If elected, I shall be thankful, if not, it will be all the same."

The scenes with Anne Rutledge are written with precisely the right note of hesitancy, indirection, and poetic suspension, and are brought to reality by the truly wonderful playing of Joan Woodward, who endows Anne with a mature, understanding personality, and individualizes her through charming little head-ducks and hand gestures that seem inevitably right.

The Producer and the Bartender

The general harmony of writing, acting, and direction proves the mettle of the producer; the assignment was difficult, for this was an experiment in a technical as well as in an artistic sense. It was an experimental notion to combine a costume film with a documentary setting, and though the quality of the Lincoln country seeps through, the expense of location shooting, with professional crew and actors, often cramped the operation. An additional setup shot that called for a trip to a new location might have to be abandoned if it meant another half day of expense.

With the completion of the Lincoln series, one wonders how often or how readily the opportunity for such a work can arise. It is a pronounced critical success, and yet its maker, Richard de Rochemont, is not plunged in television activities, as might be expected after such a triumph. He is to be found in his one-man office in New York; on his desk are outlines of various possible television projects, but he confesses that he would rather, at the moment, do a movie feature.

"Television hasn't shaken down, yet. In movies, they've found out that a certain number of films have to be made for audiences that want stimulation instead of repetition. In movies, the outside film, the unusual film has a chance. It is even wanted. And there is, in spite of everything, a good deal of maturity. But in television they still feel, on the whole, that they can grind everything out on a single level."

Yet the audience reactions to the Lincoln show were highly encouraging. I caught a few such reactions myself. I watched the adolescent episode in a honky-tonk bar near a Chicago bus station. The television set was competing with a juke box, and a couple of bargirls were busily adding to the distractions in the place. But as the Lincoln story progressed, the crowd let the juke box die out, and by the time Lincoln's shade had spoken his shame over the Grisby incident even the bartender was absorbed. After the program, there seemed to be an air of self-approval for liking such a show.

Despite its costliness, it would seem to me that such a show must eventually pay off. Its success will be complete if it stimulates any further production in this vein. But good experiment is not merely experiment—it is creation in itself, and the Lincoln series completely fulfills this requirement. There have been other imposing works created for television—such as Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. But these have usually been meticulously modeled and glossy. The Lincoln show is uncouth; its character, like Lincoln's, swings from brag to true humility, from rhetoric to homespun substance. It is always wrestling with truth, and the struggle is like Abe Lincoln's fight with Jack Armstrong, a sprawling, knockabout battle, casual and fierce, with kicking and crawling away, turning back and rushing in, dazed headshaking and charges at the bystanders, but always coming back to the grappling with the opponent. In the end, truth is pinned, and the victory is clean and square.

***GOOD INTENTIONS* without knowledge inevitably lead to disaster. Hence the importance of**

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Any Resemblance . . .

I: Great-Great-Granddaughter

MARYA MANNES

AGNES MACMILLAN WORTHINGTON is formidable. It is doubtful whether her Revolutionary ancestor, Major General MacMillan, struck more terror on the battlefield than she does at a convention. It is also doubtful whether such feminine adjuncts as ribbons, orchids, and flowered hats could be put to more frightening use than on Agnes Worthington's person. They are then as beguiling as cannon.

Agnes Worthington could not always have been like that. Indeed, there are photographs of her as a young woman which show her as comely and mild, if rather stately in proportions. It is hard to see how two curved and girlish lips could contract to the rattrap that now serves as her mouth, how that gentle bosom could become a barricade, and how those doelike eyes could have shrunk to pinpoints glinting behind rimless glasses. But they have.

It is possibly the clearest of all examples of the influence of mind over matter. Agnes Worthington's mind has been closing ever since puberty. It opened a little then, but what it saw was so distasteful that it shut up again. It is now just big enough to encompass three concepts: the superiority of Agnes Worthington over other women; the superiority of the MacMillan family over all other families, races, and nations; and the superiority of woman over man.

THE first superiority is easily arrived at. Agnes Worthington has never made a mistake. She married the coming young banker who came, and never looked at another man before or after. She never touches liquor, and she is the president of her local chapter.

The second superiority is also easily arrived at. The MacMillan family came over on the *Mayflower*. It distinguished itself in the two major battles for the formation of America. It never married foreigners. And it produced Agnes.

No explanation of the third concept is needed. Both the men in her family—her husband Hiram and her son Ralph—are putty in her hands. Hiram is now an alcoholic (nonviolent); and Ralph, at twenty-six, is studying architecture as a respectable front for his life ambition, which is to be an interior decorator. The first command that Hiram ever gave to Agnes was his last. He told her to take her clothes off. As for Ralph, he worships his mother. "My best girl," he calls her.

These three concepts have, of course, their inevitable corollaries. Agnes Worthington considers most women weak in that they respond to stimuli which she abhors. She finds all men fundamentally base and stupid in that they respond to women.

It is no wonder, therefore, that she has risen so high in the ancestral organization to which she belongs by birth, or that she fights so ferociously and unceasingly against all those ideas and forces which do not correspond to her own.

These alien ideas and forces arouse in Agnes symptoms which in other women would be termed sexual. One has only to mention such words as Negro, Jew, planning, Social Security, Europe, Democrats, liberals, United Nations, or civil rights for Agnes Worthington's breathing to quicken, her face to flush, her eyes

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to flash, and her flesh to tremble. Oddly enough, the word "revolution" has the same effect.

It is perhaps a paradox that the prevailing emotion of this redoubtable woman is fear. This female fortress is in a state of chronic terror of siege. Considering her premise of superiority, this is hard to explain. Possibly she feels that the forces of right and light are diminishing to to such an extent that only the greatest vigilance can preserve her kind.

That may be why conventions are so good for her disposition (not to speak of Hiram's). Here, in some great hall in some great city, Agnes Worthington sees herself multiplied a thousandfold. Here are the cohorts of sanity, all together: a solid phalanx of orchid-covered bosoms and nodding hats. Here is the voice of reason, issuing from rightful lips. Here is the stronghold of the strong, the women without men, the blood of the pure. An almost religious feeling overwhelms Agnes Worthington at these moments.

There are, of course, some flaws: women who now and then rise up to protest the majority rulings; women, no doubt, who have come into contact with the virus of internationalism, the poison of socialism, or the opiate of sex. To Agnes, they are traitors to their kind. It is always with intense gratification that she witnesses their defeats.

So much of Agnes Worthington's life has been spent looking back that her forward-looking faculties are atrophied. In her zeal to preserve the glories and traditions of her ancestry she has been strangely remiss in guaranteeing their continuance after her death.

Specifically, there is every chance that the family will die with Ralph. The few women he has ever looked at have been vetoed by his mother. Furthermore, his concept of marriage as it relates to man has become somewhat vitiated by the spectacle of his father. Ralph has pretty well made up his mind to live with fabrics rather than with females.

So the General's spirit will probably die with Agnes, who, revolving in her grave at the horrors of change, will thus accomplish her first and last revolution.

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The Lady Doth Protest

DWIGHT MACDONALD

THE SECOND SEX, by Simone de Beauvoir; translated and edited by H. M. Parshley. *Knopf. $10.*

THE AMERICAN reading public is fascinated by big, informative books (we want to find out All About It) and by works on sex (ditto, ditto). In *The Second Sex,* Simone de Beauvoir, Sartre's colleague in the existentialist movement, has written a big book (almost eight hundred pages) about women, and Mr. Knopf should have little trouble selling it at ten dollars a copy.

Whether she does tell All About It, however, is another matter—assuming one wants accurate as well as copious information. For one thing, although she correctly points out that the Kinsey Report, despite its title, is actually about the American rather than the Human Male, it didn't occur to her that her own work is also largely limited, despite its title, to the European woman. Thus in France, adolescent girls have a much higher death rate than boys, but not here; thus coeducation is the rule here but the exception there; thus we hardly recognize our own situation in statements like "The husband . . . has usually been imposed, not chosen" and "Being more positively integrated in society than his wife, he guides the couple in intellectual, political and moral matters." This point is important because these statements are part of the underpinning of a very definite, one-sided, and, in my view, incorrect thesis. For the big defect of the book, as information, is that it is a feminist polemic posing as a scholarly survey.

Many of the author's complaints against masculine oppression are justified, her observation is often acute and subtle, and her style is elegant if also slightly pretentious and often marred by unnecessary existentialist terminology. But as one reads on and on in this Black Book of the Male Terror, one becomes at first irritated and finally wearied by the unremitting whine of her special pleading. The agony is piled on until the most wholehearted believer in the equality of the sexes—as, for instance, the present reviewer—comes to suspect that the author has written the whole enormous tract out of simple resentment that she is not a man.

METHINKS the lady doth protest too much. She has carried the feminist grievance so far that it defeats the feminist argument, has carried it beyond history and sociology into biology. If women are indeed as weak and disadvantaged as Mme. de Beauvoir says they are, then so long as there are two sexes, they will forever remain the second.

Not that she is aware of this. On the contrary, her explicit statements run along classic feminist lines. Because woman has been throughout history the subject-satellite of man, she has not developed her potentialities as freely as he has. "Yes, women on the whole *are* today inferior to man; that is, their situation affords them fewer possibilities." They are in this situation because it has always been a man's world, because man has taken advantage of his superior physical strength and his competitive advantage, due to not having to bear children, to reduce women to an inferior social status. Man's physical advantages no longer justify or even explain his continued dominance, however; and if he can

'fated . . . to be the passive prey of man'

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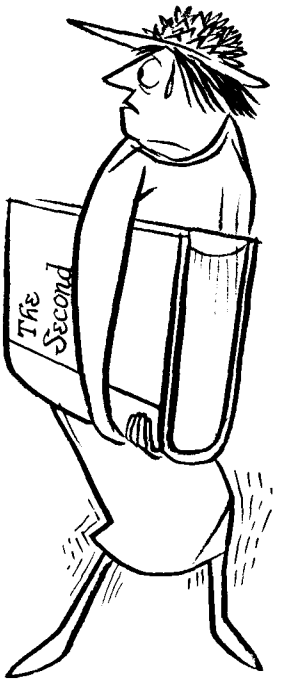
be induced, by persuasion or rebellion or changed historical conditions, to ease up on woman and treat her as an equal, she will for the first time begin to develop freely and will cease to be an inferior. "I deny that they [the biological facts] establish for her a fixed and inevitable destiny. They are insufficient for setting up a hierarchy of the sexes . . . they do not condemn her to remain in this subordinate role forever."

'The Resentful, Cunning Slave'

This seems to me a valid, though scarcely novel, thesis. But although Mme. de Beauvoir *states* that woman's inferiority is cultural rather than biological, I think this is a concession to the logic of her feminist argument rather than something she really believes. For her actual description of the relations between the sexes, as it unfolds in massive detail, constantly implies that woman *is* biologically inferior and that it is a terrible thing to be a woman, not only because of man's cultural dominance but also because woman's physiology, compared to man's, is inefficient, degrading, humiliating, and designed with fiendish ingenuity to make her eternally the passive, helpless victim of the male, the ungratified sexual partner, the self-alienating and self-destroying mother, the resentful, cunning slave.

Her bête noire is childbearing, which she sees as a "conflict between the species and individual" that "endows the feminine body with a disturbing frailty" so that women "have within them a hostile element—it is the species gnawing at their vitals." If this be true, it would seem that the precondition for woman's emancipation is the reform not of social institutions but of her own physiology. Furthermore, motherhood seems to the author not only threatening but also rather unimportant compared to such predominantly masculine forms of creativity as art, science, and politics.

Thus she accepts the evaluation of woman's most specific role that is made by our predominantly male culture, although she constantly complains about this imposition of male values and although—assuming that women and not men will continue to bear the children—a rise in the status



of motherhood is necessary if there is to be a rise in the status of women.

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'sacrifice their liberty of action'

Today." In "Destiny," Part I of Book One, we get a once-over-lightly of the biology of sex plus two woolly chapters on the Freudian and the Marxian viewpoints, which are criticized at a high level of abstraction in terms of a third metaphysics, Sartre's existentialism, the effect reminding me of a wrestling match between Man Mountain Dean and Abdullah the Terrible Turk: much pachydermous grunting and groaning but little decisive contact. "History," the next Part, is a workmanlike if not very profound survey of the Woman Question from the nomads to the suffragettes. Part III, "Myths," considers masculine notions about women through the ages (note the title), with studies of five male authors, only one of whom, Stendhal, seems to have gotten the point. But these Parts, elaborate as they are, function chiefly as property men setting the stage for the real drama, "Woman's Life Today." Subtle, penetrating, and informative as it often is in detail—especially on woman's reactions to her own sexual life and man's—as a whole it is vitiated by a monotonous and, I think, false insistence on the traumatic aspects of being a woman.

Let's All Be Vegetables

Woman's agony, according to Mme. de Beauvoir, begins, logically enough, when she first becomes one. "The young girl meets [adolescence] with uneasiness, with displeasure. . . . now she is 'developing.' The very word seems horrifying . . . She is . . . a strange form of matter . . . deep within which unclean alchemies are in course of elaboration. . . . she feels . . . the presentiment of a finality which sweeps her away from selfhood: she sees herself thrown into a vital cycle that overflows the course of her private existence, she divines a dependence that dooms her to man, to children, to death."

IMPETUOUS rhetoric sweeps the author on to absurd generalizations such as that the preadolescent girl has "hair rippling like a silken skein" (damned few silken skeins in the sixth grade in *my* day!); to a physical

'hair rippling like a silken skein'

disgust at female biology; and, again and again, to the idea that heterosexual relations and childbearing alienate the woman from "herself," as if this self could be imagined as distinct from them. And why is not the adolescent boy also horrified to divine a dependence that dooms him to woman, to (supporting) children, and to death? If only all this messy business of sex could be done away with and we could all remain perpetual children, clean, happy, epicene Peter Pans, forever independent and inviolable!

But God or Nature has other ideas (or maybe it's Man—sometimes one gets the impression that the masculine conspiracy against woman extends even to his inflicting her humiliating physiology on her). The girl grows up and, "fated as she is to be the passive prey of man," the time comes when she must endure "the crude masculine embrace." "Her inwardness is violated. . . . The humiliation she anticipated is undergone in fact: she is overpowered, forced to compliance, conquered. . . . Finally, there is another factor which often gives man a hostile aspect and makes the sexual act a serious menace: it is the risk of impregnation." This leads us, after a depressing chapter on marriage ("this complex mixture of affection and resentment, hate, constraint, resignation, dullness and hypocrisy called conjugal love") to the extraordinary Chapter XVII, "The Mother," which is the ideological key to the book.

Who Would Fardels Bear?

It begins unextraordinarily enough: "It is in maternity that woman fulfills her physiological destiny; it is her natural 'calling,' since her whole organic structure is adapted for the perpetuation of the species." The rest of the chapter is a refutation of this statement. It opens, significantly, with ten pages on contraception and abortion, traumatic experiences though hardly more so than her next theme, pregnancy. "First violated, the female is then alienated—she becomes, in part, another than herself." The embryo is described in terms equally applicable to cancer—"a gratuitous cellular growth"—and pregnancy appears as against nature: "Even if the woman deeply desires to

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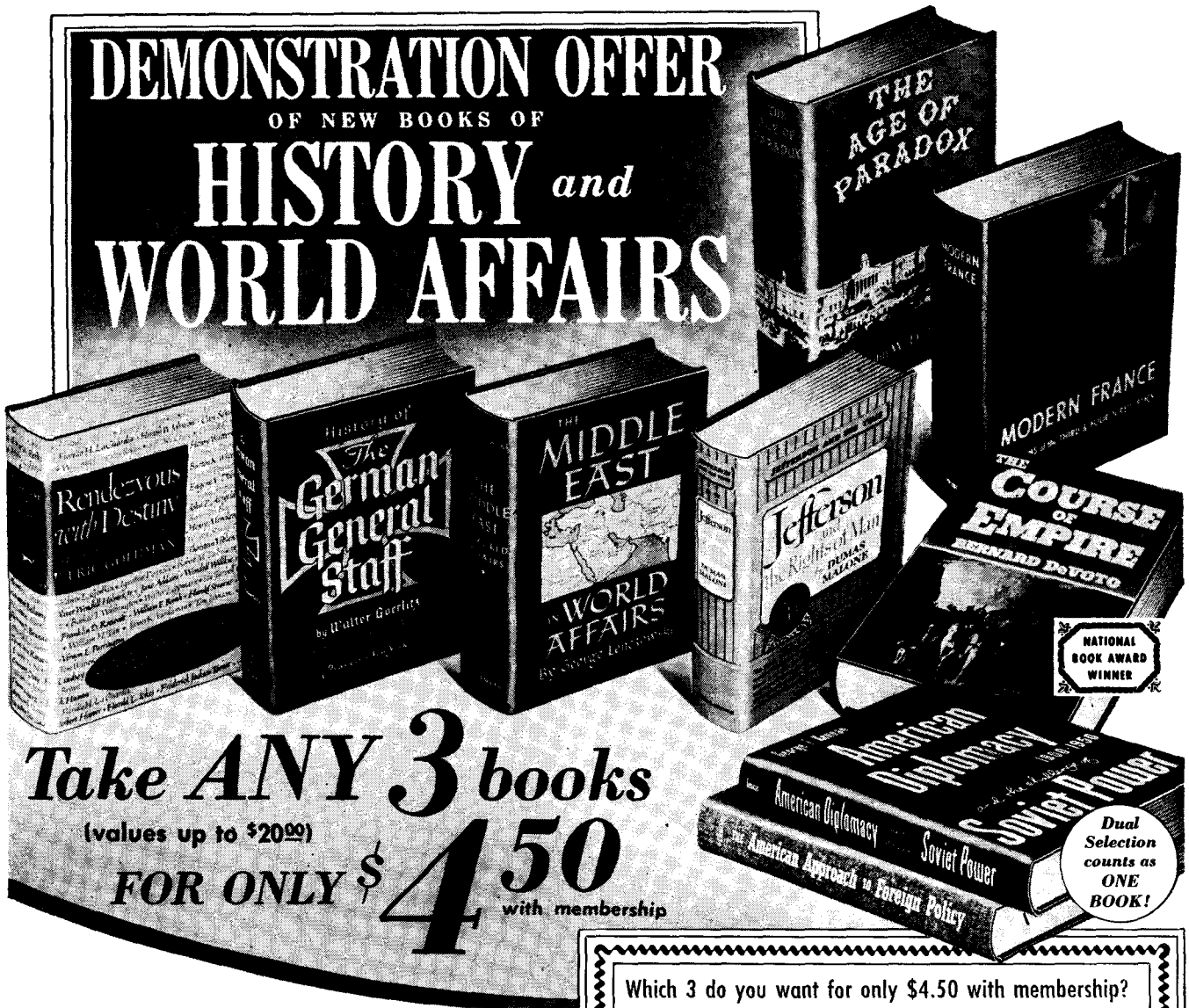

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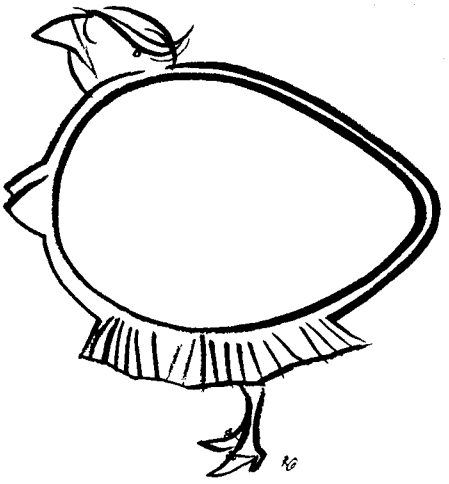
have a child, her body vigorously revolts when obliged to undergo the reproductive process."

This is the way a *man* might feel if, monstrously, a child began to grow in his belly, but if in fact "it is in maternity that a woman fulfills her physiological destiny," one would expect her to be less appalled. This horror and resentment of childbearing crop up throughout the book. "The woman is adapted to the needs of the egg rather than to her own requirements" and is "the theatre of a play that unfolds within her and in which she is not personally concerned." In short, the female body needs to be completely redesigned with all that messy and superfluous childbearing apparatus left out. It would also be an improvement if we had four hands instead of an inadequate two, and while we're at it, let's do something about that dismal business of dying.

It does not occur to Mme. de Beauvoir—though, fortunately, it does occur to most other women—that since a woman's body is indeed "adapted for the perpetuation of the species," this function is not something externally imposed on and in contradiction to her individual self, but is a very deep and fulfilling expression of that self. To the author of this book, however, such women are "not so much mothers as fertile organisms, like fowls with high egg-production" who "seek eagerly to sacrifice their liberty of action to the functioning of their flesh"—though she does not explain why it is any more perverse for a mother to sacrifice her liberty of action in order to create children than it was for Kant to sacrifice his liberty of action in order to create philosophical works. I suspect this is because, while she obviously esteems philosophical works highly, she doesn't like children very much—at least she has a great deal to say about the difficulties of rearing children and very little to say about the satisfactions.

NOT THAT she is unfair about it. If the child is a threat to the mother, it works the other way around too: "The great danger which threatens the infant in our culture lies in the fact that the mother to whom it is confided in all its helplessness is al-



most always a discontented woman: sexually she is frigid or unsatisfied; socially she feels herself inferior to man; she has no independent grasp on the world or on the future. She will seek to compensate for all these frustrations through her child." Obviously, the only escape is to be neither a mother *nor* a child.

"No man would consent to be a woman," writes Mme. de Beauvoir, but does not state the converse, quite possibly because she knows of at least one woman who would be delighted to be a man. This attitude, it seems to me, throws more light on the author's very special psychology than it does on the ostensible subject of her book, namely, woman in general, who in the overwhelming majority is and has always been, thank God, what she contemptuously calls "the heterosexual woman, dedicated to the crude masculine embrace." If the author were writing as a novelist, a poet, or even as a philosopher, there would be nothing against her viewing reality from her own special angle. But she pretends to be writing as a scientific observer, and therefore a good deal of her book is dangerously misleading where it is not absurd.

Freedom in Submission

It is all the more a pity that she has given her prejudices such loose rein because when she does, occasionally, accept sexual differences instead of resenting them, she writes with insight and eloquence of a man-woman relationship that can be one of "equality in difference," as in the final chapter or in the passage on pages 401-402, which begins: "Such full development requires that—in love, affection, sensuality—woman succeed in overcoming her passivity and in establishing a relation of reciprocity with her partner. The dissimilarity that exists between the eroticism of the male and that of the female creates insoluble problems as long as there is a 'battle of the sexes'; they can easily be solved when woman finds in the male both desire and respect: if he lusts after her flesh while recognizing her freedom, she feels herself to be the essential, her integrity remains unimpaired the while she makes herself object; she remains free in the submission to which she consents. Under such conditions the lovers can enjoy a common pleasure, in the fashion suitable for each . . . and indeed this sense of the union of really separate bodies is what gives its emotional character to the sexual act; and it is the more overwhelming as the two beings, who together in passion deny and assert their boundaries, are similar and yet unlike." Unhappily, such passages are contradicted by the bulk of this immense and deformed work.

•

I JOINED THE RUSSIANS, by Count Heinrich von Einsiedel. *Yale University Press. $4.*

COUNT VON EINSIEDEL has two claims on our attention. First, he was clever enough to choose as his mother the second daughter of the second son of the great Bismarck. Without this trade-mark, it is doubtful whether the Russians, or anyone else, would have cared whom he joined. Second, he was not quite twelve years old when Hitler came to power, and only twenty-one when he was shot down and captured on the Stalingrad front. That the Russians were able to convert such a young man to Communism and use his name as a come-on to others in the prison camps shows how demoralized and self-destructive his generation of German aristocratic youth had become. Einsiedel was one of the organizers of a National Committee for Free Germany which primarily devoted itself to breaking down the morale of the German Army on the Eastern Front. Most of the book is the inside story of this committee, and a sordid, corrupt story it is.

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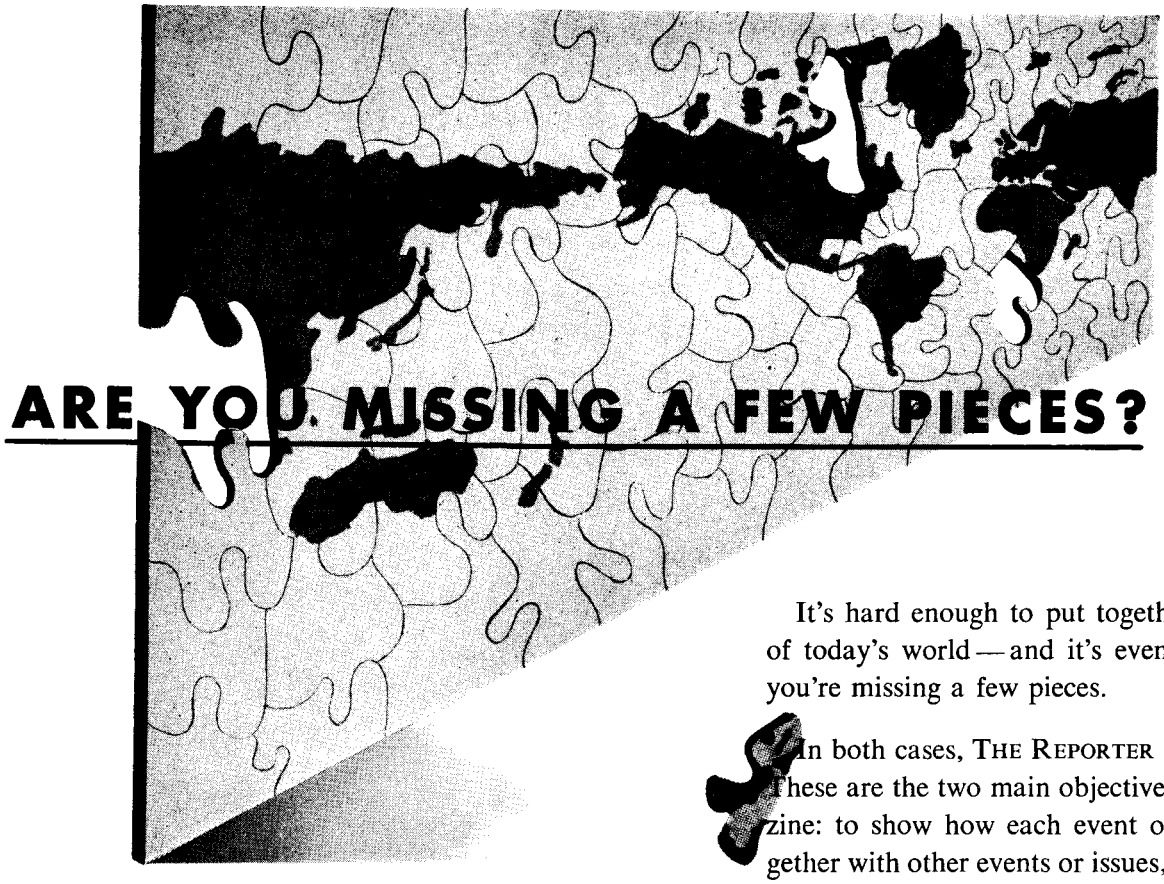

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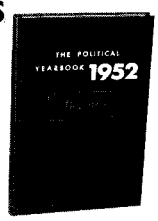

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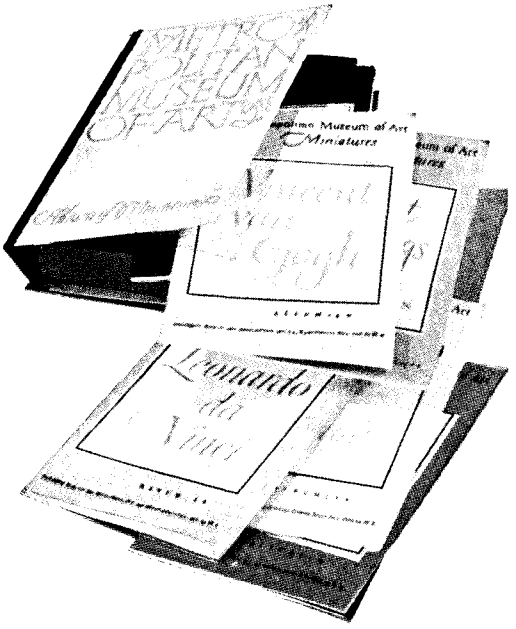

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